

Class 236.4R

Book H735.3

General Theological Seminary Library
Chelsea Square, New York

PRESENTED BY

Soc'y for Promoting Religion and Learning

Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s New List

RELIGIOUS AND DEVOTIONAL BOOKS FOR WAR TIME

- THE COLOURS OF THE KING: RED, WHITE AND BLUE. Four Addresses given in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoons at the beginning of the War. By the Ven. E. E. HOLMES, B.D., Archdeacon of London. SECOND IMPRESSION. Crown 8vo. Paper covers, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
- A WAR MANUAL OF PRAYER: A Little Book of Devotions for Men on Active Service. With a Commendation by Field-Marshal LORD METHUEN. SECOND IMPRESSION. Crown 16mo. Paper covers, 6d. net; limp cloth, 9d. net.
- A NATION AT PRAYER: A Manual for use in War Time for those at Home. By the Rev. W. B. TREVELYAN, M.A., Warden of the Retreat House, Beaconsfield. With a Preface by the BISHOP OF LONDON. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.
- VIA VERITATIS: Notes for Daily Bible Readings. Edited by the Rev. W. B. TREVELYAN, M.A., and the Rev. J. E. DAWSON, M.A. With a Preface on the Devotional Use of the Bible by the Right Rev. CHARLES GORE, D.D., Bishop of Oxford. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.
- RIGHT OF WAR: A Sermon. By JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D. Crown 8vo. Paper covers, 2d. net. (Reprinted from "National Duties and other Sermons and Addresses.")
- THE REDEMPTION OF WAR: Sermons Preached in Christ Church, Oxford. By the Right Rev. FRANCIS PAGET, D.D., late Bishop of Oxford. Crown 8vo. Paper covers, 1s. net; cloth, 2s. net.
- FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE: Thoughts for Mourners. By the Ven. JAMES H. F. PEILE, Archdeacon of Warwick. Crown 8vo, 1s. net; paper covers, 6d. net.
- A WAR LITANY, 1914. By L. H. M. SOULSBY. Price 1d.
- SUGGESTIONS ON PRAYER. By L. H. M. SOULSBY. 18mo, sewed, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.
- SHORT PRAYERS. By L. H. M. SOULSBY. 16mo, limp, 6d. net.
- PRAYING FOR THE DEAD: An Historical Review of the Practice. By the Rev. R. J. EDMUND BOGGIS, B.D., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Barnstaple, North Devon. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
- THE BOOK OF PRIVATE PRAYER. For Use Twice Daily; together with the Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion. 18mo, limp cloth, 2s.; cloth boards, 2s. 6d.
- BOOK OF PRAYER AND DAILY TEXTS FOR ENGLISH CHURCHMEN. 32mo, gilt edges, 9d. net.
- PRAYER. By the Rev. ARTHUR JOHN WORLLEDGE, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of Truro. Crown 8vo, 4s. net. (*Oxford Library of Practical Theology.*)
- POCKET MANUAL OF PRAYERS FOR THE HOURS, &c. With the Collects from the Prayer-Book. Royal 32mo, 1s.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS *

Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s New List

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE MYSTERY: Being the Paddock Lectures, 1913. By the Rev. JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS, D.D., Litt.D. Crown 8vo.

THE PREPARATION FOR THE PASSION: A Study of the Incarnation and Virgin Birth of our Lord, and of His Life from Bethlehem to Cana of Galilee, including Notes on the First Five Chapters of St. Matthew and of St. Luke. By the Rev. JAMES S. STONE, D.D., Rector of St. James's Church, Chicago. Crown 8vo.

A SOWER WENT FORTH: Sermons Preached in the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Hardman Street, Liverpool. By the Rev. THOMAS WILLIAM MAY LUND, M.A. FIRST SERIES, with Portrait, 5s. net. SECOND SERIES, with Two Illustrations, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS OF THE BIBLE. By J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, D.D., Dean of Wells. Crown 8vo. Paper covers, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.

THE CHRISTIAN EUCHARIST AND THE PAGAN CULTS. By WILLIAM MANSFIELD GROTON, S.T.D., Dean of the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S APOLOGY. By the Rev. CYRIL A. ALINGTON, Headmaster of Shrewsbury School. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

This book consists of an attempt to meet some of the commoner criticisms advanced against the Public Schools and the Church of England.

THE LORD OF ALL GOOD LIFE: A Study of the Greatness of Jesus and the Weakness of His Church. By DONALD HANKEY, Sergeant, Rifle Brigade. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE WORK OF A GREAT PARISH. By NINE PORTSEA MEN. Edited by the Rev. CYRIL F. GARBETT, M.A., Vicar. With a Preface by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. Crown 8vo.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE RELIGIOUS STATE. By the Rev. SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON, Priest of the Order of the Holy Cross and Chaplain-General of the Community of St. Mary, Peekskill, New York. Crown 8vo.

THE RICHES OF THE HOUSE OF GOD: a Pilgrim's Quest in Pain and Joy. By FLORA ABIGAIL MACLEOD. With Preface by the Rev. GEORGE CONGREVE. Crown 8vo.

PRAYERS FOR THE CITY OF GOD. Arranged by GILBERT CLIVE BINYON, M.A. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo.

THE QUEST OF THE UNSEEN: Meditations on the Eternal Truths of the World of Spirit. With Quotations from Ancient and Modern Writers. By ADELAIDE J. LLOYD. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

PARADISE

A COURSE OF ADDRESSES ON THE
STATE OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

IN WATCHINGS OFTEN: Addresses to Nurses and Others. With a Preface by the Right Rev. EDWARD KING, D.D., late Bishop of Lincoln. With a Frontispiece (the Crucifixion, by PERUGINO). Crown 8vo, sewed, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

IMMORTALITY. Crown 8vo, 4s. net. (*Oxford Library of Practical Theology.*)

THE CHURCH: HER BOOKS AND HER SACRAMENTS. A Course of Instructions given at All Saints, Margaret Street, in Lent, 1910. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

PRAYER AND ACTION; or, The Three Notable Duties (Prayer, Fasting, and Almsgiving). With an Introduction by the Bishop of London. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

RESPONSIBILITY: An Address to Girls. Fcap. 8vo. Paper covers, 1d. net. Superior Edition, 4d. net; or bound in rexine, 1s. net.

THE COLOURS OF THE KING: Red, White and Blue. Four Addresses given in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday Afternoons at the beginning of the War with Germany. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA,
AND MADRAS

PARADISE

A COURSE OF ADDRESSES ON THE
STATE OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

BY

E. E. HOLMES, B.D.

ARCHDEACON OF LONDON AND CANON OF ST. PAUL'S

THIRD IMPRESSION

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1914

All rights reserved

.....

.....

.....

236.4R
H735.3

63460

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIBRARY

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

IN PIAM MEMORIAM
TRIUM PRÆLATORUM SEMPER REVERENDORUM

W. W. J.

ARCHIEPISCOPI DE CAPETOWN IN AFRICA AUSTRALI

J. F. M.

W. S.

IN SUCCESSIONE EPISCOPORUM OXONIENSIIUM
HUNC QUANTULUMCUNQUE LIBRUM DEDICAT

E. E. H.

CAPELLANUS PER XXIII ANNOS

PREFACE

THE following Addresses on questions "as touching the dead" were given in Retreat, and are practically taken from those chapters in the writer's book on *Immortality* which deal with the spiritual side of the subject. They are obviously inadequate, and as Dr. Sanday reminds us, "Not even a wise man can answer every question that may be put to him, and we are not all wise." They are suggestive rather than dogmatic, and, as such, may, it is hoped, lead to the increase of thought upon the subject.

E. E. H.

August 1913.

CONTENTS

FIRST ADDRESS

	PAGE
DO THE DEAD KNOW?	1

SECOND ADDRESS

THE PAIN OF PARADISE	10
--------------------------------	----

THIRD ADDRESS

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD	19
--------------------------------	----

FOURTH ADDRESS

THE SIN OF SADNESS	30
------------------------------	----

FIFTH ADDRESS

LOVE	40
----------------	----

SIXTH ADDRESS

THE SIN OF SUICIDE	51
------------------------------	----

SEVENTH ADDRESS

	PAGE
DEATH	62

EIGHTH ADDRESS

JUDGMENT	76
--------------------	----

NINTH ADDRESS

HELL	86
----------------	----

TENTH ADDRESS

HEAVEN	98
------------------	----

INTRODUCTION

MOST of us have seen Watts's picture, "Whence and Whither." We remember the little child coming from the vast unseen, and going into the vast unknown. "Whence," it seems to ask, do we come? "Whither" do we go? Who knows? "Speculation has wearied itself for ages in pursuit of the flying problem!"—but the problem still, as ever, attracts.

Ignorant as we may, and must be as to "Whence," no such complete ignorance is necessary as to "Whither." S. Paul's caution, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep,"¹ forbids us to give up the problem without at least an attempt to know what can be known. At the best, however, we are students of the unknown—only students, but still students.

In a course of addresses on such a subject, it is well at the outset to define our position. One supreme thought fills the mind: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God:

¹ 1 Thess. iv. 13.

but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children for ever.”¹ Much is revealed, more is concealed. God has His secrets as well as His disclosures. Revelation is a royal prerogative—a prerogative exercised by the great King as He thinks best. We find ourselves in a world of thought where the curtains are half drawn, and the blinds half up.

God is great enough to keep His secrets until He sees that we can be trusted with their solution: He is wise enough to leave many problems unrevealed that we may exercise our faculties, head and heart, instinct and imagination, upon them. Some He keeps for the future; others we scarcely wish to know in this life:

“It is not well for life
To learn too soon the lovely secrets kept
For them that die.”

“There is much of which we may safely and even profitably be ignorant in this world.”

“Not fitting were it to the eye
Always to look upon a cloudless sun,
Grown blind with too much light before the journey’s
done.”

¹ Deut. xxix. 29.

But we see enough to be quite certain that we do not see all. Dreary and wretched indeed would this life be if it were our all.

The mysteries of Christianity form one of its strongest interests. To own a religion which had no mysteries to be solved, to believe in a future which had no secrets to be discovered, would exclude from Christianity one great sphere of attraction which every other department of human thought possesses—the attraction of the unknown.

What Mr. Balfour says of the Incarnation is true of Christian doctrine as a whole: "Unless it were too vast for our intellectual comprehension it would be too narrow for our spiritual needs."

We may, then, seek to know something, an infinitesimal something, of the future in obedience to the Apostolic warning against an inexcusable ignorance. It is the province of Christianity to examine and to teach what has been revealed and what may be fairly deduced from revelation, even though we see it as yet but vaguely:

"As one who walking in a forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
Then sees it not for boughs that intervene."

Ah! these intervening boughs! How confusing they are! And yet they do but make us long to see beyond them, and the very longing has a meaning.

We may then become reverent students of the unknown; never dogmatising where Scripture is silent, never closing questions which the Church has left open, never counting ourselves to have apprehended the unrevealed, but never refusing to follow that which is revealed. We must be ever humbly pressing on to attainment, sure that a faithful study of that which we do know will open the gate to that which we know not. In this spirit alone can we reverently study questions "touching the dead."

PARADISE

FIRST ADDRESS

DO THE DEAD KNOW?

It is proposed in this Retreat to give some suggestions for our private meditations on questions "as touching the dead," the dead who mean so much to us as we do to them. And first there is the old, old question: Do the dead know? do they really know anything about us? Is such a belief Scriptural? May we accept Tennyson's happy creed:

"Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what
you say,
And be often, often with you when you think me far
away?"

Thank God, we are not left wholly in the dark for an answer to our question. Commenting on the text "seeing that we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also run the race that is set

before us,"¹ "the words must be taken," says Dean Alford, "as distinctly so far implying community between the Church triumphant and the Church below, that they who have entered into heavenly rest are conscious of what passes amongst ourselves. Any interpretation short of this leaves the exhortation here without point."²

Even if we follow more modern critics and do not accept this interpretation of the passage, there is nothing unscriptural, and everything that is catholic, in the belief that the Blessed Dead do know what we are doing on earth, and, if so, know better than when on earth what to ask for on our behalf.

It is interesting to note how this belief has taken hold of different classes of minds. For instance, a Saint like S. Gregory Nazianzen in his funeral oration over his sister writes: "If thou takest any account of our affairs—and holy souls receive from God this privilege—do thou accept these words of mine": and we are told of a man of the world like Cecil Rhodes that he always assumed that, in the after life, he would be able to recognise and converse with those who had gone before, and that both

¹ Heb. xii. 1, 2, R.V.

² *Ep. to the Hebrews*, xii. 1, 2.

he and they would have the keenest interest in the affairs of this planet.¹ Schumann believed that Schubert and Mendelssohn knew what he was composing, and that their spirits visited him in sleep, and gave him a theme which he afterwards wrote down. Why not? Were they not all three in the one great orchestra, though on different parts of the stage?

And if the dead do know, what a help the thought may be to us! What a condescension to our weakness that not only an all-seeing God but that a "great cloud of witnesses," many of them known to us here, are watching us at all hours of the day—and "also the night"; what a deterrent against sin as well as an encouragement to persevere. "Grant," wrote the late Prince Imperial, "that there may sink deeper and deeper into my heart the conviction that those who are gone are witnesses of my actions. My life shall then be worthy to be seen by them all. My innermost thought shall then be such as will never cause me to blush."

How they know, if they know, we know not. It is one of "the secret things which

¹ *Life of Cecil Rhodes.*

belong to God." It has been thought that God Himself may tell them; or that they themselves may see us with the eyes of their opened understanding; or that the Holy Angels may act as media of communication; or that souls from earth as they enter into rest may take them news; or, as seems probable, that spirit needs no media for intercourse with spirit. Who knows? But it is a permitted thought that they see and know much that is hidden from our eyes, much that will tell them how best to pray for us here. It is said that had Thorneycroft known all at Spion Kop, he would have held his grip upon the hill, that if he could have seen across the hills and known the discouragement of the Boers, he would have held his ground: but this was hidden from his eyes, while the horror of his own losses was too apparent. Here on earth we cannot see across the hills: we fix our eyes upon our own losses and do not see the flight of the enemy. There, they see beyond the intervening hills and, in the light of that knowledge, they cheer us on to victory as they pray that we may "hold our grip upon the hill unto the end."

May not this enlarged sphere of knowledge,

even though pain-producing, form one element in the "joy and felicity" into which the Blessed Dead have, as our Prayer Book teaches us, already entered? It is difficult to see how it can be otherwise, unless we are foolish enough to believe the lie that death dispenses us from the results of sin. Are the dead to have no knowledge of the fate of the living—the living whose souls, perhaps, they have injured on earth? Are the dead to escape scot free, and the living to suffer for their sin? Is this the most elementary form of justice? Even if death did absolve "the one taken," what about the life of "the other left"? Is there no higher conception of the Intermediate State than the misapplied aphorism "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"?¹ Painful as the knowledge may be, there is mercy even in knowledge.

Can we not imagine some mother, for instance, finding a joy in knowing about her child who has gone wrong, and so being enabled to help the soul of one whose upbringing her neglect or example has spoilt? She knows now what she has done or left undone. Because she knows, she can do something.

¹ Cf. Gray's Ode, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.

Her "knowledge is power." She can by prayer help to undo the consequences of the sin, which itself can never be undone. She can pray in the light of knowledge as she could never have prayed in the darkness of ignorance. She herself is wiser and better and happier for the knowledge. What an incomparably higher conception than that of the cold, dreary negation, "where ignorance is bliss."

Again: may we not see some element of happiness in the lives of those in Paradise who are conscious that they have lowered the standard of another's life on earth? If they know—but only if they know—then something can be done, some help can be ministered, by the princely power of intercession; the "one that is taken" can at least pray that the glaring "scarlet" sins of "the other that is left" may be washed white as the white which is "whiter than snow." Is not this a far higher conception of penitential happiness than the utterly selfish and mis-called bliss of ignorance?

Once again, can we not imagine a certain penitential joy for one who has played the fiend with some innocent child, and is shocked

by the light of knowledge into realising the full horror of the sin? Such an one can, in the light of that knowledge, take the victim to the All-sinless in prayer, and place the burden on the Good Shepherd's shoulders—the only real resting-place for both sinner and sinned-against. It is difficult to conceive a brighter happiness, apart from the perfect joy of innocence, than that of knowing, as far as God sees fit, that one whom we have injured here by some sin of omission or commission, is being assisted by our prayers in Paradise; that we can still exercise the ministry of help in the Intermediate State; that, through our intercessions, this one or that one has been pardoned through the Precious Blood. It may well be that, in spite of the purifying pain, happiness will be found in the fact that the dead do know the condition of the living, that they do pray for them, that they pray with all the added force of prayer based on knowledge.

But, if they do know, if they know of our failures and failings, the thought at once suggests itself, how can they be perfectly happy in Paradise? They cannot. But it is nowhere revealed that they are. On the

contrary, it is clearly revealed that they are still waiting for their perfect consummation and bliss.

It need not, of course, follow that the departed know all. But, even if they do, would they not rather know all than know nothing? Would they not suffer less by knowing than by being left in the torture chamber of suspense? To know nothing would, as far as we can see—and that is not very far—be more terrible than to know the worst. The South African war taught us, as well-remembered scenes at the War Office and in homes can testify, that there is no pain like the pain of suspense. "I would rather know the worst than know nothing:" "It is the suspense which is killing me." Often and often we heard the words from parents and wives, relations, friends, and lovers. Such suspense would turn Paradise into Hell.

To know more fully in Paradise at all events enables the departed to help those still wrestling or failing to wrestle here. They can, at least, pray them into the right path. Many a man may owe his final perseverance, or his conversion, to the prayers of some departed one who, knowing of his battlings

or his wanderings, has prayed him into faith or endurance. As the Blessed Dead wait for our arrival, the joy of anticipation may well be increased by the knowledge that they are helping us on our journey? Surely it is more reasonable to believe with Jeremy Taylor that "there they better attend to their relatives, and to greater purposes though in other manner, than they did here below,"¹ than that they are ignorant of the lives of those left behind.

It is quite possible that such knowledge may involve pain, and the possibility suggests a thought for our next address—The Pain of Paradise.

¹ *Holy Dying*, chap. v. sect. viii.

SECOND ADDRESS

THE PAIN OF PARADISE

WE may think of the Pain of Paradise under three heads: The pain of Contrast; the pain of Sympathy; the pain of Waiting.

(1) The pain of Contrast. "To be with Christ."¹ What must it be like? We can get a glimpse, only a glimpse, of it here. The dirty sweep in Kingsley's *Water Babies* first realised his blackness when he came down the wrong chimney, and saw the little lady dressed in white. Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, he saw the snow-white child: then, suddenly turning round, he saw in a mirror an ugly black figure, and behold! it was himself. For the first time he found out that he was dirty, burst into tears of shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney and hide. The sight of another's whiteness revealed to him his own blackness. He felt the smarting pain of contrast.

¹ Phil. i. 23.

If I contrast my life with that of the best man or woman that I know ; if I bring all my pettiness, my selfishness, my want of purity of intention, under the searchlight of a life lived in the rarer atmosphere of simplicity and selflessness, I must feel something of the pain of contrast. It is almost a suffering to breathe in such an atmosphere.

The present Bishop of London tells a story to the point. "Not long ago a young man came to me who had at last seen himself as he was. I had tried three years before to save him from a deadly sin, but failed. He did not see the sin as sin. But a few weeks ago he had seen himself as he was, and why? Because he had looked at last into the eyes of a woman whom he loved for the first time with a pure, true love, and in her eyes he saw himself as he was."¹ And so it must be with us when we see God.

It was this terrible pain of contrast which bowed the prophet to the ground and drew from him the bitter cry, "Woe is me, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts":² the mere contrast between the human and the Divine was more than he

¹ *The Future of the Church and Nation*, chap. xv.

² Isa. vi. 5.

could bear. So will it be with us. "To be with Christ," "the express image of His Person;" to contrast my life with His; to see in Him what I might have been, and to compare it with what I am; to see myself in the mirror of "the Face of Jesus Christ"—surely this must have in it an element of pain. Dr. Newman puts it with a terrible beauty:

"There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick and trouble thee,
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away and hide thee from His sight
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains so counter and so keen—
The longing for Him when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory."¹

A terrible pain! and yet a blessed one, for it is the pain that purifies. It is purgation by the power of association. It is to catch Christ-likeness, to become assimilated to the character of Him with whom we continually dwell. Even now we are learning something of this purgation by association. We no longer herd lads who need a birching, or the influence of a

¹ *Dream of Gerontius.*

higher environment, with hardened offenders who have spent a long life in vice and crime. In theory, at least, we take them out of their environment, and let them associate with higher rather than with lower surroundings. We place the poor girl, who has "erred and strayed from God's ways," in some Penitentiary where she will associate with Sisters of Mercy and with lives dedicated to the service of the highest. Why? That she may catch the wish for the higher which kills the desire for the lower. "Surely," writes Sir John Herschel, "if the worst of men were transported to Paradise for only half an hour, amongst the company of the great and good, he would come back converted." The underlying principle is: "We needs must love the highest *when we see it*." In Paradise we shall see it. But the process implies pain—the pain of contrast. The vision of Jesus, pain-giving as it must be, will be the very means of our perfection, for the vision will transform us into itself according to the universal law of imitation.

(2) The pain of Sympathy. We see something of this on earth. To be with a loved one who suffers, or is ill-treated, despised, rejected, insulted, ignored; to be with one who is

spending his or her life on others and is misunderstood, overlooked, neglected, underrated—this is, surely, love's claim for sympathy. But it involves pain, a pain that can only be measured by love. To be with Christ; to see Him sorrowing over His Church; to feel His sympathy with souls in sorrow; to enter, however distantly, into His pleadings for souls who have lost their way; to see Him, day after day, "despised and rejected of men"; to see Him slighted, and neglected, and insulted in His Sacraments; to be with Him in Paradise, and to watch with Him in sleepless sympathy during His long hour of waiting for souls—this will be indeed a glorious honour; but it involves pain, the pain of sympathy.

(3) The pain of Waiting. Waiting has in it the element of pain. Irritation is often caused by the mere fact of having to wait. We are waiting to keep an appointment: we have, it may be, nothing else to do and it makes no difference to our plans whether we are kept two minutes or twenty; but the mere fact that we have to wait has in it something of the nature of pain. "Expectation-tide," with its "wait for the promise of the Father," cannot have been a time free from

pain for the waiting Apostles, any more than waiting for the second Advent is free from suffering for us. The Waiting Church is being purified by the pain of having to wait.

It is revealed of the "souls beneath the Altar that they should rest yet a little season." Waiting is part of their discipline in Paradise.

"With happy trembling, and with holy fear,
Beneath the Altar white-robed souls await
The further opening of the opened gate,
The brighter vision of His Face so dear
With final triumph they anticipate,
And through the burden of their wistful song,
How long, O Lord! O conquering Lord, how long?"

Unwearied in their love and loyalty, they are weary of waiting for the day when God shall openly take all that hindereth, or rather "him that letteth," out of the way.¹ Unfulfilled desire must ever endure something of the discipline of weariness. Anticipation tells of a perfection not yet come. Thus anticipation has its pains as well as its pleasures, and Paradise has still the pain as well as the joy of anticipation.

But the pain of Paradise is not the pain of earth. The old earth-pain has in it the

¹ 2 Thess. ii. 7.

sting of doubt. That has gone, and gone for ever. Doubt has been conquered by assurance,¹ and the sting of pain—that “sharpness” of death which Handel could only illustrate by a dissonance—has gone. The Blessed Dead are not waiting in the pain of uncertainty as to final perseverance, or personal salvation. That is the pain of probation. Even earnest doubt stings, and up to the very end the prayer of the Church is “Suffer us not, at our last hour, to fall from Thee.” In Paradise, there will be no more pain from doubt. We shall have accomplished our probation; our wills will be eternally united to God’s will; we shall know that we are safe as well as saved, though there will still be the discipline of uncertainty as to the time of our perfect consummation and bliss. The waiting Departed do not cry, as they have so often cried on earth, “Can God be God?” “Will good beat evil?” “Is God stronger than Satan?” They cry in no uncertainty as to the fact. Their uncertainty consists solely in their ignorance of the manifestation of the fact to others. For this they wait, and in the waiting is their pain.

¹ Cf. Bishop Stubbs’s *Ordination Addresses, Sermon on S. Thomas*

"How long" tells of the pain of desire, but it is a desire more precious than aught but realisation.

There is, indeed, a fourth pain of Paradise which the other pains include. It is the pain of Progress. Few who admit the possibility of an after life deny that it is a state of progress. Most of us would echo the belief of Frederic Myers, who, when speaking of Lord Tennyson's death, writes, "What honour for him, what progress still in that unknown which we shall some day know." Few will question the truth of Goethe's last words, *Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen*, from changes to higher changes. The progress is endless:

"As lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems."

But progress involves pain: "The Christian dead," wrote a late Prime Minister of England, "are in a progressive state—a process of discipline, happy indeed in its results but of which we have no right to assert . . . that the redeeming and consummating process will be accomplished without an admixture of salutary and accepted pain."¹ There may well be, in

¹ Mr. Gladstone's *Testimony to the Catholic Faith*, p. 13.

some curative form, "majestic pains" such as Dante ascribes in figure to Sordello as he waits at the foot of the steps of the Mount of Cleansing—"having, it may be, long to wait, but where no more change could harm him."¹

And if it be asked how pain and pleasure can co-exist, we must remember that pain, like pleasure, is an earth-born word. We know very little as yet of its real meaning and power, either here or hereafter. Pain certainly can co-exist with pleasure here. How it may co-exist with the greater joys and felicity of Paradise, we cannot say. We go to Paradise to find out.

¹ Cf. *Dante and other Essays*, by Dean Church, p. 258.

THIRD ADDRESS

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

WE have thought of the dead praying for us : may we pray for them ?

It is a natural instinct to pray for the departed—not indeed connecting our prayers for them with a state of probation but progression. Prayers for the Dead deal with the soul's perfection, not with its probation.

This being clear, what are we to say about Prayers for the Dead ?

The expression "Prayers for the Dead" is an unfortunate one. It is the dull, dead sound of the words "for the dead" which starts difficulties and doubts. Prayers for the living after death ; prayers for those who have passed through the "grave and gate of death" ; prayers for those who "live unto Him" ; prayers for the "Faithful Departed"¹—such expressions sound reasonable enough, and,

¹ Hebrews xi. 13.

apart from all Church teaching, it is no true instinct which allows us to pray for souls up to the moment of their departure, and forbids us to pray for the same souls the moment after.

Think of the instinct of a little child. Princess Alice tells us how that when her little child Frittie had been called to rest, the moment came for his younger brother to say his prayers. "Ernie always prays for Frittie," she writes—and wise woman that she was, Frittie's mother refused to stop him.

And intellect agrees with instinct. Pass from the instinct of a little child to the intellects of two Bishops of our own time. First, Bishop Stubbs, a late Bishop of Oxford. Listen to his belief, expressed in deliberately chosen language, at the end of a long life of trained and balanced thought. "The idea recommends itself very strongly to the hearts and affections of a great number of good Christian people. Prayers for the Dead are not open to exoteric objection, for, as we know nothing whatever about the exact condition of the Departed until the Day of Judgment, and cannot dream of limiting by our ignorance the possible action of the Lord of Life

regarding them, there is nothing conceivably to be objected to in addressing the Almighty Lord in Whose hands they are, in prayers to which He will assuredly give such weight as they may deserve.”¹ These are great words coming from a great man, and are as true to our instinct as the utterance of the little child. Or, listen to the present Bishop of Bristol. “Prayer for the dead is,” he writes, “pious, comforting, primitive; a thing full of Christian consolation, of which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers laid hold so completely that in one runic inscription after another, the inscription ends with the words: ‘Pray for the soul.’ . . . As we, up to the moment of their death, pray for friends and relatives, so we do not cease to engage in that Comforting Communion when they have passed away.”²

But are, it may be asked, Prayers for the Dead allowed by the Church of England? The Church of England must, to be a true part of the Church, teach what is taught in the “Holy Church Universal.” Hear again the historical

¹ *Visitation Charges*, p. 332.

² *Church Historical Society. Continuity of the Holy Catholic Church in England*, p. 13.

voice of Bishop Stubbs: "It is," he writes, "legally recognised that to pray for the dead is not forbidden in the Church of England." Thank God it is true. Or, listen to Archbishop Temple. During the South African War the Archbishop put forth a Prayer for the Dead, containing the words, "and for all those who have fallen, that they, with us, may enter into that rest which Thou hast prepared for those who believe in Thee."

In the House of Lords, on Friday, March 9, 1900, the Archbishop was asked whether any precedent could be found since the Reformation Settlement in which Prayers for the Dead had ever been introduced "by authority" into any special services put forth by any of the Archbishops of Canterbury? The Archbishop's reply was as straight from the shoulder as we should expect any reply from Archbishop Temple to be. "I hold in my hand," he said, "two documents. . . . One of them is a 'form of Prayer and Thanksgiving to Almighty God to be used in all Churches and Chapels for general thanksgiving for many and signal victories which Divine Providence has vouchsafed to His Majesty in the course of the war.' The date of this is 1797. . . . I will

just read the words that your Lordships may know what the words are to which I refer . . . 'And for those for whom in this righteous cause Thy Providence permits to fall, receive we pray Thee their souls to Thy mercy.' That prayer was issued in the usual way ; . . . and again in the same manner a year later, on November 29, 1798." And alluding even to the secular law, he adds : "It is quite certain that the law has decided that such prayers are not outside the limits of the law. We have had the question settled before the regular Court, and that settlement has been acquiesced in ever since it was arrived at, now more than sixty years ago. Moreover, that settlement is based on the same principle as that which underlies the well-known decision in the case of Mr. Bennett. There the Judges refused to condemn Mr. Bennett on the ground that the doctrine he taught was not prohibited by the Church of England. The principle of the law is therefore accepted. The law itself in regard to Prayers for the Dead leaves the matter in this position—that there is no prohibition, and it is quite open for members of the Church of England to pray for the dead."

One more passage from the Archbishop's

speech will apply to all times : " At this time there are hundreds of sorrowing souls very anxious about relations engaged in the war in South Africa. They have been praying for their loved ones out there, and they feel it is hard that they may not have the comfort of praying for those who have fallen when they know, as a great many of them do know, that Prayers for the Dead are not forbidden."

There are, not only in war time but always, "hundreds of sorrowing souls" longing to follow their natural instincts to pray for their dead, but who are honestly uncertain whether it is right, or who have been cruelly told that the Church of England separates herself from the rest of Catholic Christendom, and forbids them to do so. Such may find help and hope in the Archbishop's words.

John Wesley's answer, when challenged to defend the practice, was the same when he said that such prayers were perfectly justifiable according to the earliest antiquity and the Church of England.

Two questions suggest themselves as the natural outcome of such teaching. When

should we pray for the Dead, and what should we ask for them?

As to When! "Although we ought at all times" to include them in our prayers, yet, as ancient liturgies suggest, more especially should we do so at the Blessed Sacrament. Bishop Heber tells us what his own personal habit was. "I myself have been in the habit for some years of recommending on some occasions, as after receiving the Sacrament . . . , my lost friends by name to God's goodness and compassion through His Son, as what can do them no harm, and may, and I hope will, be of some service to them." Dr. Bright, late Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, agrees; and all who value his opinion will care to remember his words: "There can be no doubt that the custom of including the Departed in the Prayers of the Faithful is of the most primitive antiquity, and that our particular way of making such prayers in connection with the Eucharistic Sacrifice . . . is mentioned as among Church usages by Tertullian about A.D. 200." It is when we are met together at the Holy Eucharist that we seem of all times nearest to those who are taking part in the same great act of worship in the

more immediate presence of the Lamb. As a sweet singer of our own English Church has sung—and surely still sings—of one departed in the faith:

“ ’Tis then I feel how near thou art,
Thy face I almost see
When in the Eucharist I touch
The Hand that touches thee.

Then, indeed, we feel something of the meaning of the words of S. Cyril of Jerusalem: “We offer this sacrifice in memory of all those who are fallen asleep before us . . . believing it will be a very great advantage to the souls for whom supplication is put up.”

And what shall we ask for them? The early Church would reply, “Rest and Light.” *Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei*: “Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon him.”

First, Rest. “Rest” is, of course, a many-sided word. Even here our ideas of rest differ strangely, and we must not confine the thought merely to our earthly ideas. The rest longed for by the invalid who is craving for work is very different from the rest desired by the sweated seamstress, or the man whose life is one long round of work and worry. We ask

for our Departed rest in whatever form they need it, leaving it to Him who said, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest" to interpret the word. Leisure *for* work rather than leisure *from* work is one form of the rest which some of us most look for—leisure to study problems which our new powers will enable us better to grasp; leisure to leave less undone; leisure to contribute our individual quota to the well-being of the whole Body; leisure for uninterrupted thought, and leisure for thought without the fear of interruption. Certainly, it is not the rest of idleness that we beg for our Departed. Rather it is the rest which revives and strengthens for more labour, the rest which empowers endless work for God without tire or break, the rest in work of which Mrs. Kingsley wrote: "It is a spring of joy to me, ever since my husband died, to know that he will never more be tired, never again over-worked." True, they will "rest from their labours," but how little the words convey to us! Here, there is often no greater labour than to rest from labours; no greater rest than labour. Rest and labour will not be eternal contradictions; rather they will be eternal correlations. Neither is really com-

plete without the other. Rest without work tires as much as work without rest. All earthly rest has in it the element of restlessness: so we ask for the Dead, "May they rest *in peace*."

And Light! Think of tired workers living and dying daily in dark and dismal dens. Think of the multitudes of sunless lives, of human beings living and dying without any gleam of that happiness which we longed to give them. Think of the dim intellects of those we call great thinkers, stumbling into some tiny ray of truth, and dying in the mere twilight of discovery. "Let light perpetual shine upon them"—not fitful light, gleams coming and going, discoveries vanishing in the light of new discoveries, light succeeded by spells of darkness and ignorance; but "light perpetual," steady, persistent, "shining more and more unto the perfect Day." Think, too, of the beauty which comes from light, even from created light—its colouring, its shadows, its startling surprises; and then think of the beauties of Paradise which Light ineffable, Light uncreate, will eternally make manifest. If we endeavour to grasp the mere elementary result of the *fiat*, "Let there be light," and then try to forecast what the "light perpetual"

will mean, we can but "cover our eyes" at the bare thought of the vision of beauty. To many of us, some such prayer includes all that we want when we pray for the Dead.

Or we may safely pray the prayer which Cranmer retained in the first draft of his English Burial Service, "Grant unto this Thy servant that the sins which he committed in this world be not imputed to him"; or we may follow the wording of our present English Prayer Book, and pray for an increase of that "joy and felicity" which we ask every day for our King after death—praying that "after this life he may enjoy everlasting joy and felicity."

Be our prayers what they may, the fact remains that Prayers for the Faithful Departed are part of our Catholic inheritance, and the Blessed Dead have a claim upon them. The prayers of the living are the dues of the dead. And apart from all argument and authority, we find ourselves to-day in the position of the early Christian of whom Dr. Bright says: "But to what end would the early Christian thus pray? I think he would have said: 'We cannot help doing so: enough to believe that in some way or other we may contribute to increase the happiness of those prayed for.'"

FOURTH ADDRESS

THE SIN OF SADNESS ¹

It is perfectly true that the Blessed Dead are often forgotten with a startling rapidity—a rapidity which shows the small hold that the unseen really has upon the senses. “Visitations” are, as we have seen in the case of war and epidemics, strangely evanescent. Of some souls, a great master of the spiritual life has told us that “the heaviest sorrow leaves upon their hearts but a shallow and short-lived impress of the intermediate state. For awhile, their affections follow the departing spirit, and, it may be, they think their hearts will never return to this rough world, but dwell within the veil for ever. In a little time the first visions of the realities unseen, be they never so vivid, begin to fade into a colder light; . . . and it is not too much to say that, in a little while, they have forgotten the dead.” A touching prayer by the late Prince Imperial

¹ 1 Thess. iv. 13.

expresses the tendency. "If I forget those who are departed I shall in turn be forgotten. May I never give way to the sad suggestion that death effaces everything." But in others there is an opposite tendency. They profess to believe, and do believe, all that the Church teaches about the state of the Faithful Departed, and yet they allow themselves an indulgence in uncontrolled and un-Christian mourning for the Dead which seems strangely at variance with the Christian Creed. Such not infrequently spoil the lives of those about them, and injure their faith in the eyes of unbelievers. This is the charge which S. Cyprian brought against the Christians in Carthage in the third century. He tells them plainly that the effect of their un-Christian sadness is to make the heathen stumble at the faith.

This hint to the early Christians is not wholly unneeded to-day. It is, of course, true that we do not mourn so much for the departed as for ourselves. For them—so that they die in grace—death has its "good tidings of great joy." Like Dürer's knight, they hear him as a messenger who has brought pleasant news; or, like S. Francis of Assisi, they go "to meet death singing." For the dead, we grieve

not; our tablet for them is the tablet in the Catacombs which records the death of Eutychia, as "Eutychia, happiest of women." With Plato, we can say of our dead: "I did not weep for him, but for my own future in being deprived of such a friend"; or, with Michael Angelo, after the death of Urbino: "You know how Urbino died: it is a mark of God's great goodness, yet a bitter grief to me." It was not this natural, human, right sorrow at the loss of deprivation which S. Cyprian was girding at. It was the selfish, brooding, self-enclosed grief, so hurtful to self, so hindering to others, that he was reproving. It was the sin of a Christian Rachael mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted as if they were not. It was a warning to those who, however unintentionally, gave cause for the heathen to say, "Where is now their God?"

There are still cases in which the un-Christian grief of Christians is the very poison which is killing their own lives, making them a blight on the lives of others, and strengthening the doubts of non-believers. What is the root of it all? No doubt it is selfishness in some form, and perhaps in one special form.

It may be that, in spite of our Creed, we are selfishly dwelling on our own memory of the dead, rather than on their present living fellowship with us. We think of what they were, rather than what they are. We look back too exclusively to their lives with us in the flesh, and too little to their communion with us now in the spirit. We forget their closeness, a closeness of which Fénelon wrote, when Beauvilliers was taken from him, "We come a long step nearer to him every day. He whom we can no longer see is closer to us than before. We meet him continually in our common centre, God."¹ We may, we must, look back and thank God for all that they then were, or plead with Him to make them different from what they were—but we must allow neither the beauty nor the burden of the past to let us fall into the sin of sadness. The less we think of them as a past memory, and the more we dwell on the help they still are to us, the help we may still be to them, and on their ardent desire for our arrival, the less will this selfish brooding take hold of our lives.

Again, is it not possible that our sadness may be affecting their happiness? May not

¹ Viscount St. Cyres' *Fénelon*, p. 299.

this be one of our sins that is lessening their joy as they see, if they see, the harm we are doing to ourselves and the Faith? The thought is suggested very simply in a poem by William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, writing of the death of a little child—one of those little ones born to die, of whom it is said :

“The mother greets the child with parting kiss.”

A mother dreams that she sees her own dead child, joining in a procession of happy children in the “Children’s Kingdom.” Each child carries a lighted lamp—lighted in honour of the Children’s King. One lamp alone is dim, one child’s joy alone is damped. It is that of her own child. And why? The poem provides the answer :

“I’d a dream to-night
As I fell asleep ;
Oh ! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep,
Of my little lad
Gone to leave me sad.
Ah ! the child I had
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high
I my child did seek,
There in train came by
Children fair and meek

With a lamp alight,
Each in lily white,
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O! it did not burn.
He to clear my doubt
Said, half-turn'd about:
'Your tears put it out,
Mother, never mourn.'"¹

"Your tears put it out." It is, at least, a parable of the possible.

There is a fine passage on Dr. Arnold's death, in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, which must have appealed to many. Tom has heard of his old master's death, and has just come to visit his old school. And, oh, his sorrow! If only he could have seen him for five minutes to tell him all his love and reverence, and all that he owed him. "And now he will never know it. . . . But am I sure," thinks Tom, "that he does not know it all? May he not even be near me in this very chapel? If he be, *am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow*—as I should wish to have sorrowed

¹ *Mater Dolorosa.*

when I shall meet him again?" And then he begins to think of the grief of others as well as of his own, "and the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy." In the hour of death, natural sorrow and supernatural joy must be intertwined, lest we, perchance, cause grief to those we love.

Christina Rossetti puts it helpfully :

"Grief hears the funeral knell : hope hears the ringing
Of birthday bells on high ;
Faith, hope, and love make answer with soft singing,
Half carol and half cry."

Both views, mourning and rejoicing, are liturgically united in the Church's ancient Burial Offices, as in our own. There is a note of sadness, because death is the penalty for sin ; but the predominant note is one of quiet joy. First there is the sadness of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" ; then there is the joy and gladness of "sure and certain hope." First there is the solemn committal of the body to God's keeping, and then the prayer and praise in which the departed is recognised as still being a member of Christ's Church. Christian burials should

have in them both notes, but it is the Eucharistic rather than the mournful note which should prevail. The joy in the "thankful remembrance of His death," and of our death in Him, is even greater than the sad sorrow for sin which made His death necessary. The ancient Burial Office is not the language of those who mourn and lament for the dead; there is no weeping or wailing in it; the prayer breathes the spirit not of disappointment and failure, but of joy and triumph and solemn exultation. It is, in fact, the main and central portion of a service which is Eucharistic throughout, and which closes with the most exultant of Christian hymns. The exultant character of the Liturgy, and the fact that its essential feature is the celebration of the Lord's death, should ever be borne in mind by those who wish to estimate the importance of the word *dead* in the Apostles' Creed.¹ And so S. Chrysostom: "The Christians used hymns and Psalmody at funerals, chosen to express joy and thanksgiving, not sorrow as of men without hope." Dean Plumptre writes of the funerals of the early

¹ *The Foundations of the Creed*, Bishop Harvey Goodwin, pp. 161, 162.

Church: "The Christian Church gave to the funeral procession somewhat of the character of a triumph. Those who took part in it carried in their hands branches of palm and olive, as those who celebrated victory. They strewed over the body leaves of laurel and ivy, the emblems of immortality; they carried lighted lamps or torches in like token of Christian joy: fragrant clouds of incense rose, as in a Roman triumph. They did not march in sad silence to the grave . . . but they chanted as they went hymns of hope and joy. The 'heartly thanks' which we give to God at the grave for the deliverance of our departed friends out of the miseries of this sinful world are, as it were, a faint echo of those old funeral anthems and psalms of the early Church."

If we are right, and if there is a tendency at times to indulge in a wrong and selfish grief, as well as to underrate the solemnity and sad side of death, we may well make S. Cyprian's words our own. The old native Christians of Sierra Leone may teach us a lesson. When there was a death, the mourners prepared for the interment, seated oriental fashion, in perfect silence. Then, in the lull

of lamentation by the official weepers, one mourner said to another in the native tongue, "Hush! God has done it! God is love." There is our thought, "Hush! God has done it."

FIFTH ADDRESS

LOVE

IN thinking of a future state, love is a link in the chain of evidence we can ill afford to spare. As Dr. Mozley says, "Affection is itself a kind of evidence."¹

It is this appeal to love which the writer of the Fourth Gospel makes use of when recording the evidence of S. Mary Magdalen on the first Easter morning. A woman's affections are used by God as one of the many infallible proofs that Jesus rose from the dead.

"Mary stood by the sepulchre weeping"—just a woman crying. She is not posing before the public, she is nothing to anybody, nobody cares for what she thinks, she has nothing to gain by pretending. In her unimportance lies the importance of her evidence. She knew from her own personal knowledge that He, Who was everything to her, had been foully

¹ Mozley, *Parochial Sermons*, p. 776.

murdered—"crucified, dead, and buried." She knew that the empty tomb was really "the place where the body of Jesus had lain." "And Mary stood by the sepulchre weeping." And then something happened; something which not only changed the whole course of the world's history, but turned that one woman's heaviness into joy. There is a footstep on the path. Turning herself about, she sees "Him whom her soul loved." At first her tears veil her sight, and she fails to recognise Him; but as the tears clear away, and "the voice of the Beloved" speaks to her, ear and eye reveal to her her lost Treasure. It is the evidence of a woman's love. True, there were experts, "chosen witnesses," whose evidence is of inestimable value; true, there were men of unquestioned intellectual capacity such as "Thomas which is called Didymus"; true, there were practical business men such as "Matthew the Publican," who all "saw and believed"; true, there were no fewer than five hundred witnesses, whose individual and united evidence any Law Court would accept as final: yet God the Holy Ghost willed to add a new and living link to the chain, by calling as evidence the witness of a woman's love. "Mary." "Master." No woman

can be mistaken in the personal identity of the man she loves.

Love, then, is one element in our belief in a future. Love refuses to limit life to earth. What could be more dismally unnatural than such a limitation? Think of a wedding. Recall some real love match. Imagine the feelings of a bride and bridegroom, neither of whom believes in a future state. Each, as a matter of fact, knows that, in all human probability, one must die before the other; that, however long they may live together, a separation must come at last; that in proportion to the depth of their earthly love will be the loneliness of the one left behind. Could anything be more dreary than such an outlook if there is no future for either, if there is no such thing as the Communion of Saints? Then, indeed, there is no answer to the sorrowful question which Margaret is made to ask Mephistopheles: "What use is love, when death can shatter all?" "I would choose to die unwed" is the only comment she or we can make upon the interrogation. But love pronounces that such a piteous creed is contrary to all reason, and reason owns that love is right.

Again, how pathetically natural love clings

to the very body of the departed in between death and burial! Is there not something of dreariness, in spite of all its beauty, in the scene in which Wagner described Gudrun creeping to the side of Siegfried's dead body? He is dead; but he was the last of her kin and her only friend, and to be near his dead body seems better than nothing. Better than nothing! Yes! But love demands something better than that. To the eye of sense, the closing of the coffin seems the end of all things. But love outlives sense. It is but a low kind of love that cannot reach beyond the earthy.

A man once worked for ten years, early and late, in order to save money enough to marry the woman he had known and loved from childhood. Just as the goal is within sight Death comes suddenly into the House of Life, and—as in Watts's picture of "Love and Death"—all unheeding of Love, who strives to bar his way, Death jostles Love aside, and in a moment separates the lovers. The girl died, and the man was left desolate. Was he to be told that his loved one ceased to be, ceased to love him, ceased to be interested in him, ceased to pray for him, and that he must cease to love, be interested in, and pray for her? Was he

to believe that a God of love had allowed and implanted an affection which had lasted through ten happy years of love and work for each other, and that, after all, Love was not stronger than Death? Was he to feel that from that moment all was over between them, at all events until the man died also and rejoined his love in Paradise—if, indeed, she had not already dropped out of existence, or fallen into an endless sleep, or been absorbed into universal being? No revelation, no Church teaching, though both are available, are needed to confront such a lie with the opposite truth. Love tells us that there is no such severance. The lover knows, as he kneels beside his love, that the Communion of Saints is a reality, that the poet's words are true:

“Up the Mount of Aspiration
Ye shall journey hand in hand,
Still encompassed by the vision
Lovers only understand.”

We may think of this love in three ways.

(1) Love demands recognition. Mary Magdalene's recognition of the risen Jesus was in accordance with the natural law of love—love which refuses to be confined within the bounds of the world of sense. Love may,

perhaps, throw some light on the likelihood of our recognising each other in the future life—disembodied, or in our resurrection bodies. Obviously, we cannot assert or deny that of which we have no certain knowledge, but love surely assumes the likelihood of our knowing each other in a future state.

From the Christian standpoint, the story of Dives and Lazarus, whether parable or history, contains a definite hint of such recognition. The continuity of love, which a personal immortality postulates, practically demands personal recognition. Even on earth, our Lord bids the Apostles rise to the recognition of His personal identity after death: "Behold and see it is I Myself." Will He not bid others recognise in us a self-identity which love cannot mistake?

As to how the dead will recognise each other, we can form no adequate conception. Some have thought that the "white robes"¹ given to the disembodied spirits suggest some external means whereby recognition may be possible; others have imagined that we shall recognise each other in the Face of the Incarnate; others dream of new powers of vision

¹ Rev. vi. 11.

—"eyes before and behind."¹ Others have suggested that there will be some mysterious likeness to our present individualities. Who can tell?

But we can tell that, owing to the changes which take place, future recognition cannot safely depend upon bodily resemblance. It is not only by our physical features that we recognise each other even here. It is not merely by the bodily shape that we know each other, but "by the expression, the lights and shades reflected out from the immortal spirit shrined within. We know each other really by the mysterious motions of our souls. And these endure and act uninterrupted, though the fleshly frame alter a thousand times or dissolve in its native dust." Our knowledge of each other being, in a sense, thus independent of the body, spirit may recognise spirit in the future state quite independently of any bodily presence whatever.

(2) Love longs to be remembered. Who knows what joy the dead may find in the knowledge that they are remembered? May it not be part of their bliss to know the offices of those who are praying for them on earth? It

¹ Rev. iv. 6.

may well be an added joy for those in Paradise to know who it is that remembers them, and how much they may be gaining by their prayers. Was it only for the sake of the survivors that the early Church bade her children "remember before God" those that had departed hence in the Lord? May we not, perhaps, satisfy one desire of the Dead as we remember them before God? "Forget me not!" is their mute cry. Love will dictate the response.

(3) Love trusts. It is a poor love that cannot trust beyond the evidence of sense. Basing its faith on Revelation, and appealing to the universal teaching of the Church, love commits the Departed into the same Hands which held the soul of Jesus on the first Good Friday. "Father, into Thy Hands." The Father's Hands symbolise trust. As we place our children, or our money, or our health, in the hands of one whom we trust, so we place our dead in the Hands of One in whom our confidence can never be misplaced. It was a fine saying of an old heathen that the gods take care of us after death, and that "we are one of their possessions." We are one of God's possessions; He takes care of us after death. It is because

we believe in a future, ruled and governed by the very same God that rules and governs the past and present, that we can trust.

“Thou, Abba, know'st how dear
My little child's poor playthings are to her ;
What love and joy
She has in every darling doll and precious toy.
Yet when she stands between my knees
To kiss 'goodnight,' she does not sob in sorrow,
'O, father, do not break or injure these.'
She knows that I shall lay them fondly by
For happiness to-morrow.
So leaves them trustfully.
And shall not I?”

There is, indeed, one moment in life when such trust seems almost impossible. It is when we stand at the grave of one who seems to have resisted grace, flung God's gifts in His face, and refused forgiveness up to the very end ; one who seems to have had every chance, and to have deliberately thrown every chance away. Our very love for such an one makes our trust the harder. How can we honestly say of him “in sure and certain hope”? We may comfort ourselves with the thought that the words “in sure and certain hope” of our Burial Office have within them just the very corrective, just the very teaching that we

want. There need be nothing unreal about them. Hope must involve uncertainty, or it ceases to be hope: it becomes knowledge. However sure, however certain, our hope may be, it cannot, and does not, amount to knowledge. And in the ministry of Burial, the priest, acting not on his own belief or disbelief but as the official mouthpiece of the Church, does not eliminate hope from any single case accepted by the Church for Christian burial. The Church bids him use the words for all who are *officially* within her pale, lest he judge on "blind half knowledge" and exclude any still within the fold. We ourselves may indeed hope for such an one "up to the end"—and there feel we must stop. The Church hopes beyond the end, and there is our comfort. We ourselves may see no hope for the departed, but the Church may bid us see in him "Christ the hope of glory"—a hope to become fruition after many days' purgation. God's larger love may see what our narrow love is blind to. A quaint sonnet suggests the strange instinct of even animal love to see what love alone can hope for. It tells its own story.

"None mourn this hideous, sodden heap of clay,
Loveless it lived, defiled by every lust,

Deformed by every passion. Dust to dust !
Ashes to ashes ! Idle 'twere to pray
O'er such a carcase. Only hide away
Its noisome horror from the daylight. Thrust
It forth uncared for, and unwept to rust
In secret. Let its memory pass away.
Man, who art thou that judgest ? See the mute
And pitying dog that licks the dead man's hand.
We ask not what it was that formed the band
Betwixt them, but we may not well dispute
Some cause for love there. ONE will understand
And love this something better than his brute."

There is, of course, another side to the question, a side we dare not push aside in these or any other days. It is suggested by the word Suicide, and the long train of sorrows which it involves. We think next, then, of The Sin of Suicide.

SIXTH ADDRESS

THE SIN OF SUICIDE

SUICIDE is contrary to Reason, Instinct, and Common Sense. A positive certainty of extinction, or an absolute proof of annihilation, is the only sane defence for the sin of suicide. We might, indeed, almost deduce a belief in a future state from the comparative fewness of suicides. While admitting to the full that they are gravely on the increase, and making the most of the fact, there is still no reason why, in thousands of cases, suicide should not rather be the rule than the exception if death really puts an end to everything. Why should a man go on battling with life in its weird and ghastly aspects, if he can, at will, hurry himself into extinction? To do so, is contrary to all common sense. But the fact remains, that he generally does; that he battles on; that he dreads dying more than living; that his reason, his instinct, his common sense tell him that, in all human probability,

suicide will only make things worse for him instead of better.

We may look at the question from two standpoints, the Christian and the non-Christian.

The Christian rejects suicide on two grounds—the value of life, and the duty of obedience.

First, the value of life. S. Paul preaches with heart and soul the value of life, not its worthlessness. To a Christian, the value of life has been entirely changed by the Incarnation and the Redemption. Ever since the Incarnation, when, for an allotted period of years, no more and no less, God lived on earth “in the flesh”; ever since He, who had the power to lay down His life at any moment, kept it for a definite span, and that in spite of every conceivable temptation to hasten its end; ever since the great Thirty-three years, Christians have estimated their own span of earthly life at a new and priceless worth. Ever since the Redemption, life has by the Christian been appraised at a value before undreamed of. And it is just because of these facts that we find suicide impossible.

It is interesting to notice the different values set upon human life at different stages of

civilisation. There would have been little at the time to excite much attention when Herod ordered the infants of a small village like Bethlehem to be put to death. Life was "not much accounted of in those days." In Green's *Short History of the English People* we are told that even in the eighteenth century cutting down a cherry tree was punished with death,¹ and since that time we find seven Bishops voting against the abolition of the death penalty for stealing more than five shillings. One of our most distinguished lawyers, Sir Samuel Romilly, spent no inconsiderable portion of his life in efforts to mitigate the severity of the criminal law, and in doing away with the punishment of death for the most trivial offences.² There must be many alive now who can remember when it was a capital offence to steal a sheep. Even as late as 1770 it was legal to punish a man with death for stealing money of more value than a shilling.

The higher the value placed on life, the lower will be the statistics of suicide. We

¹ *Short History of the English People*, ch. x.

² It is not 150 years since five boys were hanged together in London for stealing.

who believe that God thought it worth while to live this life on earth for a definite number of years, until He was able to say, "It is finished"; we who are "imitators" of S. Paul and see him living on year after year in heart-breaking surroundings, until he could honestly say, "I have finished my course"; we who watch S. John outliving his contemporaries, apparently surviving his own work, and yet "tarrying" until he is "come for"—we know it would be against all Christian principles to throw away our lives from a cowardly refusal to "endure unto the end." Self-murder is the act of a coward. Napoleon the Great, when a prisoner at St. Helena, wrote: "Suicide is a crime—most revolting to my feelings. No cause presents itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we call cowardice. For what claim to courage can that man have who trembles at the powers of fortune? True heroism consists in rising superior to the trials of life in whatever form they may challenge him to combat." And to this agrees Captain Scott's entry in his diary just before the end: "I practically ordered Wilson to

hand over means of ending our troubles. . . . We have thirty opium tabloids apiece, and he is left with a tube of morphine"; and then he writes, "We did intend to finish ourselves, but we have decided to die naturally in the track." It was a braver, better end. There are even times when to run away is braver than to "make an end of it," when it is still right, if persecuted in one city, to flee into another.¹ There may even be cases when Demosthenes's apology—"a man that runs away may fight again"—for escaping from a lost field applies to us. It would probably have been easier for S. Paul to have died fighting than to let himself be rescued by the Roman Guard; but it would have been a cowardly act when the lives of so many others depended upon his living to fight another day.

Again, to the Christian, there is the duty of obedience. Obedience to a Divine command is to us final. We Christians require nothing more. We have been told, "Thou shalt do no murder," and to us *cadit quæstio*. Murder is of two kinds—homicide and suicide, and one is just as much forbidden as the other. The sixth commandment is on the

¹ S. Matthew x. 23.

same level as the eighth, and we have no more right to steal our lives than we have to steal the Crown jewels—and for the same reason: neither the one nor the other belongs to us. The mere fact, that the sixth commandment was one of the five which our Lord Himself recapitulated, lends fresh force to the old law against murder of all kinds, self-murder included. To the Christian, the mere thought of suicide is thus excluded, cruel and bitter as life may seem, sad and dismal as the outlook may be.

But such arguments will not appeal to non-Christians. Other lines of thought will be more helpful for them.

There is, for instance, the law of Chances—a law daily appealed to by thousands, and certainly worth considering in connection with the wilful suicide of the sane. Thus, Cecil Rhodes “decided that it was at least an even chance—a fifty per cent. chance—that there might be a God.”¹ Even the most confirmed agnostic (using the word in its popular sense) will admit that there is at least a chance of a future life. If he is a business man, he will

¹ *The Last Will and Testament of C. J. Rhodes.* W. T. Stead, p. 89.

admit that it is "bad business" to risk a deal on doubtful security. And yet with strange inconsistency he will, when committing suicide, risk the whole of a possible future, of which he fully admits there is a chance—a fifty per cent. chance perhaps—as he certainly would not risk a £5 note in a business transaction. It is not so much a question of certainty, as of security. What possible security can he have that Revelation, probability, and the teaching of the "Holy Catholic Church throughout the world" are all wrong, and he alone is right? It is contrary to a sane business training.

The very suggestion hints at a mental twist. Such egotism would lead us to say he must be mad. Indeed such a conclusion does suggest itself, practically, to the modern coroner's jury in nearly every case of suicide. By almost universal consent, juries in suicide cases in these days give a verdict of "Unsound mind," or temporary insanity, wholly irrespective of evidence, and thus apparently proclaim their opinion that no sane man could, or at all events would, commit suicide. It is, in the estimate of a British jury, contrary to common sense and business instincts.

Now, certainly we may believe that a large majority of "Suicides" are not, at the moment, responsible for their action, however responsible they may be for that which has led to the deed. We may certainly believe that the brain is, at the moment, unhinged, and that self-control no longer dominates the will. For such "Suicides," we may say with perfect trust and confidence, "with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption." Even the law of the land holds that "the contract of a lunatic is voidable at his option if it can be shown that, at the making of the contract, he was absolutely incapable of understanding what he was doing."¹ Surely the law of love will not be less merciful than the law of the land. God, Who knows all, will deal very tenderly with such "Suicides." For such we can at all events heartily echo Robert Browning's hope for Clive—"Clive's worst deed . . . we'll hope condoned."

But it is wholly impossible to say honestly that all "Suicides" are insane. No amount of generous feeling or kindly sentiment can blind us to the fact that some seem perfectly sane. In such cases, to minimise the effect of the

¹ Anson's *Law of Contracts*, 1879, p. 114.

sin is to multiply the number of the sinners. Our own Church, indeed, by definitely forbidding Christian burial to those who have knowingly and deliberately committed suicide, does not shirk the fact that some are responsible for the last and worst act in their lives. She officially declares that such are not to receive Christian burial. She has not left them: they have left her. And, as they have left her, she has no alternative. Who otherwise could respect her? The Rubric refuses Church burial to three classes of persons: to those who never belonged to the Church, to those who have been turned out of the Church, and to those who have left the Church. "*Here is to be noted, that the office ensuing is not to be used for any that die unbaptized (i.e. not already Church members) or excommunicate (i.e. expelled for misbehaviour) or have laid violent hands upon themselves (i.e. have excommunicated themselves).*" It is Church law—as real law as State law. As such, it applies, and only applies, to Church members. The law says that if any one, being sane, wilfully, deliberately, and with full knowledge of what he is doing, "lays violent hands upon himself," he places himself, *ipso facto*,

outside the Christian Church. If so, he cannot, obviously, receive Christian burial at the hands of the Christian Church. He has deliberately left the Society to which he belonged. It is not that that Society is narrow, or vindictive, or unloving, or that she pronounces any final verdict upon the dead. It is, that the Church must be as true to Church law as the State must be true to State law, if either Church or State is to exist. It is no more cruel for the Church to say to the "Suicide," "You must take the consequences of your deliberate action," than it is cruel for the State to say to the criminal, "You must take the consequences of your crime." No society could exist under any other conditions. It would forfeit, and rightly forfeit, the respect of its members if it made a law, and was too indifferent or too weak to carry the law out. It is with the Church as with the club. Every club has the right to make, and does make, certain conditions of membership. Speaking generally, if a member wilfully puts himself outside those conditions he is expelled from the club, and has no right to the club's privileges. No club could exist on any other terms. This or that individual may and must be dealt with on the

merits of the individual case, but the rule in the abstract stands, and must stand. It is not cruelty; it is common sense. How could any society admit men to its privileges, after they had voluntarily ceased to be its members? To leave a club, and to claim a right to its benefits, is contrary to common sense. The Church in refusing Christian burial to non-Christians is simply in the same position as any other society.

Beyond this, neither the official voice of the Church, nor the private judgment of any human being, has either the right or the wish to go. "To his own Master," most certainly not to us, the "Suicide" "standeth or falleth," and that Master knows all—knows his upbringing and his downfalling; knows his ancestry and his environment; knows what is unknown to us, and perhaps even to the man himself. "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." There is but one thing we know for certain—that always and everywhere "God is love," and that love is as much part of justice as justice is of love. Can we get beyond this at present, and would we if we could?

SEVENTH ADDRESS

DEATH

“*Dieu, mon Dieu, ouvrez-moi, ouvrez-moi!*”
“Lord, open Thy way to me.” So, at the end of a life full of mountains and valleys, cried the great French preacher of the nineteenth century. And in that cry Père Lacordaire has, perhaps, given us the best explanation we can have of death. It is “a way,” an itinerary. *Mors janua vitæ*—Death is the gate of life. It is thus both an exit and an entrance. It is an exit, or “exodus,” “a way out” of Egypt; it is an entrance, or “going across into” the Promised Land. Death, then, is a passage out of one state, and a crossing into another. It is no stone wall, no *cul de sac*, or blind alley, leading nowhere. It is, in Prayer-book language, “a gate”¹—some chancel gate, as it were, opening the way into the very sanctuary of God’s Presence, with the great Christ, through whom we must pass, on

¹ Cf. Collect for Easter Eve.

the Rood above. Never, perhaps, was Lacordaire more eloquent than in these last words, uttered just before he passed through the Gate himself; never more lucid than in his forecast of death as "a way" to Heaven. Further than this, perhaps, we cannot get. For what death really is nobody knows.

To have theories about death; to witness the effects of death; such things really bring us no nearer to understanding death itself. And science cannot help us. "We send a shot through a bird, and it falls dead, that is, lies still, and after a while, decays again into the dust of the earth and the gases of the air. But what has happened to it? How does it die? How does it decay? What is this life that has gone out of it?" No man knows. Revelation is silent, and science can tell us no more about the end than about the origin of life. It is humiliating to confess it, but, vast as is the change in the region of discovery since the days when Vesalius, the founder of anatomy, was condemned by the Pope for dissecting a dead body, no amount of dissection, no fresh discovery, has brought us one iota nearer to the answer to our question. It is God's secret, and, at present, we cannot

get beyond the old words of the Psalmist, "When Thou takest away their breath they die."¹ No artist has ever really painted death itself, though Landseer has approached nearer to the mystery in the head of his "Hunted Stag" than most painters. It is left for death itself to reveal what death is.

We may, however, think of death under three headings: the story of death; the shock of death; the fear of death.

THE STORY OF DEATH

It is a story in three chapters: death before the Fall; death after the Fall; death redeemed from the Fall—the first painless, the second punitive, the third purifying. And first:

Death before the Fall.—Death, physical death, is here considered as a painless passage to a progressive perfection. There is nothing to suggest that man was created physically immortal. In the mind of S. Paul, indeed, death was part of the Creator's primal design for the creature, a step in the ladder of his spiritual ascent. Man's perfection was to be progressive;

¹ Ps. civ. 29.

he was created to be "partaker of the Divine Nature," or his creation would have been unworthy of the Creator. Eden was the starting-point in the journey, the first stage in an itinerary which, unimpeded by sin, would lead him to his predestined dignity, ever dying to the lower and rising to the higher, without pain or penalty. But sin spoilt the design. Hence we come to the second chapter in the story :

Death after the Fall.—Death, spoilt by sin, is no longer painless but punitive. Moral death has intruded into the sphere of physical death. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die"—morally, *i.e.*, for physically they did not die. Man's development is still through death, but it is now progress through pain ; a punitive element has been introduced—an element called in Scripture "the sting," or "the sharpness," of death, the moral death of which it is said : "death hath passed on all, for that all have sinned." Death is no longer a painless but a penal passage in man's upward progress ; it has become a remedial necessity, demanding a new element for the accomplishment of the original design—Redemption. And this leads us to the third chapter in the story :

shock of the Revolution embittered him to such a degree that he became morose and stern and bitter.

There is no catastrophe like the catastrophe of death; no shock like the shock of dying. If a soul dies in grace, may not the very act of dying be used by God to effect that purifying change which no other cause could produce?

Then, too, we must remember that the shock of death, the "dividing asunder" of body and soul, and all that is meant by the wrench of death, suggests pain, and pain purifies. Such pain, however momentary or prolonged, must take its place in the list of means whereby God perfects the soul. God's mercy is over all His works, and we may be sure that none die without the grace of suffering, however ignorant we may be as to what that suffering is. The effect of the shock on character may differ as much as the manner of death itself. One dies in one way, one in another; but all experience the shock. Henry IV dies quietly on a pallet in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and Richard III on the field of Market Bosworth amid all the carnage of civil war; Edward III dies forsaken by all his servants, and his son, Edward

the Black Prince, is buried in Canterbury Cathedral, followed by a mourning nation. The shock of death is felt by them all, however different its effects may be on each.

We need not underrate the power of the shock of death because it has been overrated. While protesting against the old unscriptural teaching that death "puts everything to rights," we need not deprive ourselves of the legitimate hope that the shock of death may have, both in ourselves and others, the purifying effect of suffering without which we cannot be made perfect.

III

The Fear of Death.—Tertullian uses the fear of death as an argument in favour of a future life. "Why dost thou fear death at all, if thou hast nothing to fear after death, inasmuch as thou hast (if not immortal) nothing to feel after death? . . . Thou wouldst not fear it unless thou knewest that there is something after death."¹ But, apart from argument, the question is often asked: "Is a fear of death the sign of sin, or of sanctity?"

¹ Tertullian, Library of the Fathers. *Treatises*, vol. i. pp. 137-8.

Is a freedom from fear the sign of trust, or of presumption?" Obviously, the answer must depend upon the individual. Fear, or want of fear, may be a sign of over-confidence or lack of confidence.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor says: "It is not a sin to be afraid; but it is a great felicity to be without fear."

(1) "It is not a sin to be afraid." Sin suggests a certain fear of death,¹ natural even to the most saintly. It is related that when a great saint, S. Arsenius, was on his deathbed, he was very trembling and fearsome. Asked the reason by those who knew his sanctity, he confessed to a fear of death, and said that "it was no other than he had always borne about with him, and what he then thought right he had no reason now to think wrong." Personal sanctity is no talisman against the fear of death. The unit must share in the sin of the aggregate; and, apart from personal and individual sins, our share in corporate sin, the "sin of the whole world," may affect us with fear and amazement.

Thus, fear need not be (though it may be) a sign of our own personal guilt. It may

¹ Cf. Ps. lv. 4, 5.

be the felt result of universal sin. On the other hand, fear of death may, of course, have its roots in some personal, unabsolved sin, some sin committed years before. Time brings about many things, but one thing it never can bring about—"the absolution or remission of sins." To hear men talk, or see them act, one would think that "Time" should be pictured with "the Keys" rather than "the Scythe." Unforgiven sin may well cause a fear of death, though a fear of death is not necessarily a sign of unforgiven sin.

Again, physical causes are frequently the source of a fear of death. There is an animal fear, such as the fear of the horse that will not leave the burning stable, which frequently asserts itself in moments of nervous depression, and much unnecessary pain might be saved if a physician, either of the body or of the soul, were consulted at such a time.

Another cause for fear is a certain shrinking from the ugly—a starting back from what George Herbert calls "uncouth, hideous death." The decay of natural beauty, and the pitiful uselessness of artificial aid, so vividly described by Charles Dickens in his weird picture of

Mrs. Skewton's illness in *Dombey and Son*, tell of natural fear. It is the fear felt by S. Francis Borgia when he saw the "corruptible" in the body of the Empress Isabella, so lately full of majesty and beauty—a sight which drew from him the cry, "Never again will I serve one subject to death." A shadow of this fear is sometimes seen, over and above other reasons, when folk fear growing old.

Or again, "the unknown" has in it an element of fear, as well as the joy of anticipation. It has its part to play in preparing the soul for its passing. The first of anything often has within it something of fear—the first speech, the first voyage, the first operation, the first match, the first school. It may well be that the first flight into the great Unknown will not be free from fear, simply because it is "the unknown." But :

(2) "It is a great felicity to be without fear." There is another word for us to consider—Assurance. It is the word which balances fear and makes it, paradoxical as it sounds, not inconsistent with trust. The doctrine of Assurance has been so handled as to make many enemies, and it needs replacing in its rightful position. It has, of

course, its dangers. To those who teach that, at the moment of conversion, the soul is given an assurance which it can never lose, we can only reply, "Facts are against you." Up to the very hour of death, there is the fear of falling away. The "crown of life" is for those who are "faithful unto death."¹ Up to the very last moment, man must pray the prayer in Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*:

"From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self at the last."

But Assurance, though a terrible danger to the presumptuous, is just what some souls need—and never more so than "in the hour of death." Assurance is the essential outcome of a belief in "all the articles of the Christian faith"—the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Atonement, all that we mean when we say "through Jesus Christ our Lord." It is what S. Francis would call an "interior certitude," and is, of course, a word of degrees—and a word not unwholly untinged by temperament. S. Paul tells us of three degrees

¹ Cf. Prof. Ramsay's *Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia*.

of assurance experienced by him. When writing his first Epistle to the Corinthians, he is fearful of being reprobate, and feels much exterior mortification to be necessary: when writing to the Romans some time later, he is far more confident, being "persuaded that neither height nor depth nor any other creature could separate" him "from the love of God": but when, at the end of his life, he writes to S. Timothy, he is more confident still, and declares that "a crown of righteousness is laid up for him."

It may, or may not, be so with us, but whether or no this commends itself to the average man, it seems to strike a balance between presumption and over-confidence which will help us in preparing for a good death. For after all, it is "a good death," not a comfortable death, which one desires to die, leaving the amount of sensible consolation, or purifying pain, to Him.

There is a fine passage in the *Dream of Gerontius* to the point. The soul, just dead, addresses its Guardian Angel:

Soul

Dear Angel, say,

Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?

Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
I had it aye before me, and I saw
The Judge severe e'en in the crucifix.
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled,
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

ANGEL

It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee, the bitterness of death is past.

There is, then, a fear of death which is right and wholesome, and there is a fear which is cowardly and wanting in assurance. Death is, as Schiller puts it, the "most high and mighty Czar of all flesh"; but there is One mightier even than death, One who is indeed to be feared, but One who is to be trusted by those who possess the love which casts out fear.

EIGHTH ADDRESS

JUDGMENT

WHAT is this Last Judgment which artists have painted and Scriptures have pictured? Do the paintings rightly interpret the pictures? Do the pictures correspond with the paintings? Upon the answer will depend, to some extent at least, our belief in the seventh article of the Apostles' Creed.

As a whole, painters have not been true to the Scripture, nor is there any Scriptural warrant for their paintings. We are glad that we are not seriously bound to accept their teaching, and give a sigh of relief when we remember that they only represent the personal tenets, and, often, only the artistic expression, of their time.

To paint the "Last Judgment" on canvas without being materialistic may indeed be impossible. We stand before the "Last Judgment" of Fra Angelico in the Accademia, or we study the "Last Judgment" of Michael

Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and though we bend the knee in homage to artistic beauty, and even to the arresting weirdness of the scene, it is certainly a relief to look away from such magnificent horrors, and, in spite of all their attractions, to turn to the mystic picture of the General Judgment as it is drawn in Revelation. We turn with a conscious sense of rest to the picture of the "Last Judgment" by S. John.

Here it is—and it is, of course, purely pictorial, wholly symbolical. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."¹

Here, in the story of the books, is the inspired picture of the Judgment. The imagery—it is only imagery—is obviously borrowed from the law-court. As such, it appeals as much to the English as to the Eastern mind. The question is, What is the picture meant to portray? what is the symbolism meant to suggest? what is this Judgment? what are these Books?

¹ Rev. xx. 12.

We think of an ordinary criminal court, with the accused standing at the bar. The central figure is that of the judge. Before him are two books—the law-books of the land, and the “accusation written” against the accused. It is by comparing “the books” that justice is secured and judgment pronounced.

Here is no arbitrary judgment pronounced by an autocratic judge. The judge’s duty, however great his abilities, however eminent his position, is not to acquit or condemn, to punish or to pardon the accused of his own mere will, irrespective of evidence, circumstances, advocacy, but to judge him “according to his works.” In other words, judgment consists in comparing the conduct of the criminal with the law of the land. The sentence will depend upon the result of the comparison. The accused will be judged “out of those things which are written in the books, according to their works.”

So it is in S. John’s great picture. There is the symbolic court. There are the accused, “great and small,” standing at the bar of judgment, all equal in the eyes of equity. There is the Central Figure, “the Judge of the

whole Earth." There are "the Books." Then "the books" (the law-books of the Kingdom of Heaven) are opened; "and another book was opened, which is the book of life," or rather the book of *the* life (*i.e.* the daily life);¹ "and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Comparison is made between the two books—the book of conduct and the book of grace.²

Here, again, is no autocratic judgment. God does not judge us arbitrarily, irrespective of our circumstances, characters, capacities. He is no Oriental despot, as some have cruelly taught, no inhuman tyrant as Calvin proclaimed, ordaining some to heaven and some to hell.³ He never judges irrespective of our chances, character, and power of acquirement; never sets before us an unattainable standard; never forgets our limitations—as Beethoven in his Mass in D is said to have forgotten the compass of

¹ Cf. S. Aug. *De Civ. Dei*, xx. c. 14, "The book of the life of each man." But for another interpretation see *The Apocalypse of S. John*, H. B. Swete, Rev. xx. 12.

² According to this interpretation, the third book ("the Lamb's book of life") would contain the names of those judged worthy of everlasting bliss. Rev. xxi. 27.

³ Cf. Calvin's *Institutes*, lib. iii. 22.

the human voice. The judgment is awful and terrible, but we are never meant to "ascribe to God the monstrous injustice of confounding in one indiscriminating sentence the self-condemned sinner, and the helpless victim of ignorance, or the bewildered but conscientious seeker after truth." He judges us by the exact standard He knows that we can correspond to—for grace is ever given to attain unto it—and with this standard He will compare our lives.

What, we ask, is this standard? And we answer, it is a standard which differs in differing periods of the world's history—though the fixed standard of abstract righteousness is maintained all through. Thus, the Judge will compare "the conduct of the heathen with the law of Conscience, of the Jew with the law of Moses, of the Christian with the law of Jesus."

The heathen will be judged "according to their works" compared with the Book of Conscience.¹ Conscience has told them right from wrong, even if "the eyes of their understanding" have not been enlightened by Christianity. For such, the comparison will be

¹ Cf. Dr. Salmond's *The Christian Doctrine of Immortality*, pp. 668, 669.

between the Book of Conduct and the Book of Conscience. What further standard of comparison and means of attainment will be revealed to the heathen in another world, we are not told. We only know that corresponding grace will be given to them to reach the standard, whatever it is. And so will it be with those living in Old Testament and New Testament days. For the Old Testament Jews, the books of the Old Testament will be the standard with which their conduct will be compared. For Christians¹ there are the books of the New Testament, and with these their lives will be compared. God is so fair. He never takes us unawares. Judgment on our conduct will be pronounced—is being pronounced—in strict accordance with the result of the comparison “according to our works.” We are, thus, really automatically pronouncing judgment on ourselves, as our lives correspond with, or differ from, the standard placed before us in the New Testament. It is for this purpose that the “books were opened.” It is for this reason that we should be persistent Bible students.

It is the boast of our country that the Bible

¹ Cf. Dr. Wace, *The Gospel and its Witness*, p. 185.

is "an open book," and so it is. It is, or may be, in everyone's hands. It meets us everywhere—in texts, in quotations, on walls, in railway stations, in advertisements, in daily papers. It is so cheap that, unlike some rare Raphael or beauteous Botticelli, or some expensive law-books, it may be had for a penny. It is an open Bible for all who choose to read it. Why? To give us fairly and freely the standard by which we shall be judged. It is thus forced upon us that we are daily writing lives which will be compared with the Christ-life revealed therein. What that life is, what we are to conform to, mentally, morally, spiritually, an "open Bible" will tell us. If we are too lazy, too indifferent, too careless, to ascertain the facts, we have but ourselves to blame, and cannot plead ignorance. The English law admits no appeal to ignorance of its clauses, acquits no criminal on the plea that he did not know the law. The Divine law is, it is true, more merciful, and allows the plea of "I wot that through ignorance ye did it" for the murderers of Christ. But this was not the ignorance from which the Litany prays that men may be delivered.

There is one more figure in S. John's picture

of the "Last Judgment" which we may do well to study. It is that of the Advocate. "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." We are still in the symbolic law-court. "The image is," says Bishop Westcott, "a legal one," and he comments on it with singular fulness in one short sentence: "He is not an Advocate who wishes to set aside law, but to carry it out and apply it: in Him the idea of manhood has obtained its absolute satisfaction, and, in turn, He claims that the virtue of this satisfaction be extended to all *in fellowship with Himself*."¹ We must underline the words "in fellowship with Himself." It is because we are His "members," and not apart from or outside Him; it is because He is one with us, and not in the sense of separation substituted for us, that He efficaciously pleads His merits for us.

For us all, "small and great," clever and stupid, learned and unlearned, important and unimportant, "unknown yet well-known," those with ten talents, those with five talents, and those with one—this Righteous Advocate will plead His Righteousness and our union

¹ *The Epistles of S. John*, 1 S. John i. 2.

with that Righteousness, as the grounds of our acceptance. And if we will have it so, but not otherwise, just because we are His members, because we are "in Christ," "accepted in the Beloved," in abiding union with the Head, living branches of the Vine, He will secure for us the verdict of "Guilty—but pardoned through the Precious Blood."

Such is the imagery under which the General Judgment is described by the inspired Seer. It is, we repeat, the language of imagery pure and simple. But it is an image which expresses the deepest reality of which imagery is capable when it tells us, however short of truth even Bible metaphor must fall, that we have "an Advocate."

Of such language about the Judgment may be said all that Dr. Sanday has lately said of the language of eschatology. "Though it has been to a greater or less extent laid aside, it has never been repealed. This may well mean that there are realities corresponding to it which shall remain unexhausted. Such a verse as Hebrews ix. 27, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment,' is ratified by our consciences. And although the imagery in which the Judgment is de-

scribed is imagery, and is not to be taken too literally, yet we may be sure that it has a solid foundation in the eternal laws of God's Providence and of His dealings with the souls of men."¹

¹ *Report of Manchester Church Congress* (1908), p. 384.

NINTH ADDRESS

HELL

POPULAR conceptions bristle with misconceptions. Few misunderstandings are greater than those caused by the popular conception of Hell. For the history of Hell is largely connected with the love of the horrible—and the love of the horrible has a curious attraction for fallen humanity. It is this element which doubles the sale of the popular novel, increases the circulation of the daily paper, and fills Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors" with fascinated crowds. It may act as an incentive, or a deterrent—but there it is, one result of the Fall. Popular conceptions of Hell as the climax of the horrible may thus, perhaps, be partially accounted for.

A material hell-fire, human beings degenerating into blaspheming fiends, men and women growing eternally more and more wicked, an almighty devil ruling in hell as an Almighty God rules in Heaven—such un-

scriptural ideas, exaggerated by the terrible poetry of a Milton, or the cruel canvas of a Michael Angelo, have for centuries frightened or amused according to men's belief or temperament.

And the teaching as to the lost is scarcely more Christian. Sayings of great men of various schools, in all ages of Church history, make us shudder with mingled wonder and regret. Even an Augustine can teach that unbaptized infants, though they will be in the "mildest damnation of all," yet will be eternally damned. Thomas Aquinas almost inconceivably argues, that the bliss of the saved will be increased by seeing the damnation of the lost. S. Jerome, speaking of the soul's materiality, actually argues: "If the dead be not raised with flesh and bones, how can the damned after judgment *gnash their teeth* in hell?" Luther preaches that "it is the highest degree of faith to believe that God is just, who of His own will makes us damnable." And their teaching appeals to their hearers, horrible as it is—perhaps because it is horrible. But does such teaching really differ much from that of pagan Islam, which taught that God is an autocratic tyrant

“Who took into His hands a mass of earth, divided the clod into two portions, and threw one half into Hell, saying, ‘These to eternal fire, I care not,’ and projected the other half into Heaven, saying, ‘And these to Paradise, I care not.’”¹ The likeness seems greater than the difference.

Well! such conceptions have, for us, mostly had their day—and in their day, who may rightly apportion the good and evil they have done? They may have helped some: they have certainly hindered others; and a practical disbelief in any kind of hell, with a total denial of any kind of eternal punishment, and a wholesale rejection of any kind of devil, has been one of their reactionary results. We are no longer frightened at a Miltonic hell; we cease to fear that in which we no longer believe. The pendulum has, indeed, swung with dangerous force to the other extreme.

But, as a matter of experience, does not a wholesale denial of devil, hell, punishment, somehow fail to satisfy solid thinkers, whether unbelievers or believers in Revelation? It is, indeed, the non-Christian, rather than the

¹ Cf. Palgrave, *A Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*.

Christian, who demands what he asserts his disbelief in. For example: no punishment, he will say, can be too bad for the brute who has wrecked another's life; no hell too fierce for the fiend who has deliberately and irretrievably ruined some pure boy or girl; no devil too cruel for the demon who has poisoned the wells of a literature eagerly drunk by a sensuous public. It is science which proclaims the law of Eternal Punishment for sins committed in time. Break, it will tell you, one of the least of Nature's laws, and the result is irrevocable and eternal. Science knows no way of redemption. Nature pardons no mistake, knows no law of atonement: she is cruel, she is relentless. Natural, unlike supernatural law¹ has no place for repentance, has no restored blessings to offer. And it is the same with man's moral sense. Man, as man, is not satisfied with the injustice of seeing "the ungodly in great prosperity," or with tracing no connection whatever between sin and suffering. He cannot, and does not, believe that, good or bad, "it will be all the same a hundred years hence."

What, then, are we to believe? Must we

¹ Cf. Darwell Stone's *Christ and Human Life*, p. 86.

either accept the mediæval conception of Hell, or reject all belief in any kind of Hell as a state or place whatever? Is there no third position, Scriptural, Catholic, credible? Surely there is.

Think, for example, of Eternal Punishment. For the sake of clarity rather than of dogmatism, we will assume three propositions. (1) Holy Scripture reveals the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. (2) Holy Scripture nowhere reveals what that punishment is. (3) Holy Scripture everywhere reveals that Eternal Punishment, whatever it is, will be consistent with a God of Love.

First, then, it is revealed that for some souls, known to God but not known to man, there is such a thing as Eternal¹ Punishment, whatever the words may mean. It is revealed that if a soul, after due chances given, deliberately, of set purpose, and with eyes wide open or wilfully shut, rejects opportunities of grace, and riots in mortal sin; if such a soul, with full knowledge of results, point-blank refuses to repent, and finally rejects God's proffered pardon, then, and only

¹ For the meaning of the word "eternal" cf. Dr. Salmond, *The Christian Doctrine of Immortality*, p. 663.

then, such a soul shall go where it has been going all its life, "into everlasting condemnation."¹ Both the love of justice and the justice of love demand it. But no one knows, and no one ever has known, who the soul is that freely and finally wills this rejection. We do know that the uninstructed heathen, who have never refused what has never been proffered, are excluded from the list; we can well believe that some who seem to us outside grace, and others who seem to us inside grace, will be judged by a different standard from ours by One who knows all; we do know that no soul can ever say of any other soul—that soul is lost. We accept the Revelation as a warning for all souls, while we reject its application to any particular soul.

So, too, we know nothing whatever about the relative numbers of the lost and the saved, and all speculation on the point is outside our sphere as students of the Unknown. We have literally nothing upon which to base any conceivable theory of investigation.²

Secondly, although Holy Scripture definitely and distinctly teaches the doctrine of Eternal

¹ Cf. *Atonement and Personality*, Dr. Moberly, pp. 14, 15.

² Cf. Dean Church, *Human Life and its Conditions*, pp. 41, 42.

Punishment, it nowhere teaches (save by picture and image and figure) what that punishment is. Man has defined what God has not defined—and it is here that we have gone wrong. We are not bound to believe man's theories about God's revelation. We are not tied down to accept this or that definition of what Eternal Punishment is. By Eternal Punishment we mean what God means, and we do not yet know what He means. We cannot get further than this.

We may indeed theorise, provided that we treat our theories as theories and not as revelation, and do not impose them as *de fide* on others.

Thus, we can form a theory, only a theory, about Hell and its punishment from the Scripture metaphor *Gehenna*. We can see that to the Jew it would mean three things, giving him three clear pictures of Hell.

1. Gehenna was a place outside the Holy City.
2. It was a place in which filthy and infectious clothing and offal were burnt by perpetual fire.
3. It was a place which, though outside the Holy City, was not outside the Roman government.

Here are three pictures (and only pictures) which help us to form some conception of Hell—speaking, of course, under the limitations of terrestrial language. Thus:

1. Hell is a place or state outside Heaven.
2. In it the morally infectious are kept from harming others.
3. Though it is outside Heaven, Hell is not outside the government of the just and loving God.

Is not this third point a key which unlocks big secrets? The lost (we use the word for want of a better) are outside the Home of the Redeemed, but not outside God's government, not under the sway of an omnipotent Devil.

It is difficult to trace the history of the idea that Satan, and not God, is omnipotent in Hell. Do we really believe that there is a state in which God, Who reigneth over all, has neither part nor lot—where another and a rival God, called the Devil, reigns independently and supreme, under no authority whatever? Apparently some do. Have we not thought of Hell as a place ruled by Satan, as independently as Heaven is ruled by God? Have we not, in other words, believed in two Gods, one the God of Heaven,

the other the God of Hell? Have we not, perhaps unconsciously, endowed Satan with Divine attributes—Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience, Infinity? Have we not forgotten that he is but a created intelligence:—potent, but not omnipotent; present, but not omnipresent; finite, but not infinite? Satan is not God. But if he is not God, he cannot rule in Hell independently of God. He cannot rule apart from God's permissive will. God uses Satan as the means whereby He (God) punishes the wilfully wicked, but He does not hand them over to Satan as an independent power to wreak his tyranny upon them irrespective of higher authority. God alone is supreme, always and everywhere. "He reigneth over all"—Angels and Archangels, the fallen and the unfallen, the lost as well as the saved. God is as much the God of Satan as He is of Gabriel. If otherwise, then there is not "one God, but two Gods": then we must attribute to Satan powers and attributes which Scripture reserves for God alone. But, if God be the one alone true God; if Hell (whether place, or state, or both: "I know not, God knoweth") be as much under God's supreme government as Heaven; if Satan the created

be eternally under the control of God the Creator, then much of our confusion of thought rolls away, and the Hell of the Bible comes within the government of the Creator by whose permissive Will alone Satan rules as the "prince of the powers of darkness." Then our third proposition becomes illuminating.

Thirdly, Eternal Punishment must be consistent with a God of love. For God cannot be divided into parts, or passions. God *is* love. He is not sometimes love, and sometimes justice; love to some, justice to others. He is always wholly love and wholly justice; always love to all and justice to all; never one without the other; never anything but "God."

This, then, is the Scriptural position. "There is room," to quote Bishop Bickersteth, late Bishop of Exeter, "for the display towards these crushed and humbled ones, ruined and lost as they are, of that everlasting mercy which is the emerald rainbow around the Throne of God. There will be no abandonment of the lost, as aforetime English criminals were turned loose in Norfolk Island. And yet," the Bishop continues, "is not this just what we have believed that there is? There are those who think that they thus honour

God. Alas! they do Him the foulest dishonour and wrong. Scripture sternly forbids such a travesty of the Divine judgments."

And surely S. John's vision tells the same story. He sees the condemned "tormented in the presence of the Lamb," not by His absence. Such absence would be no torment at all to those who had lived without Him all their lives. The presence of the Lamb constitutes the punishment of the lost. It constitutes the inevitable, eternal torment of moral contrast; of contrast between the "beast" and all that is base and bestial, all that is black and ugly, and the "Lamb" and all that is good and Godlike, all that is white and lovely.

There is a sense, then, in which the wilfully lost are shut off from the Beatific Vision of God. Wilfully, and of full intent, they have shut themselves off from Him all their lives; and for them "the door" to the Vision "is shut." Though not outside the government of the City, they are, to continue the metaphor, outside the Celestial City itself: they are excluded from what the earthly Canaan meant to the Jews, from what the Heavenly City represents to us.

To say that this view, or any other view,

explains the difficulty is as absurd as it is unnecessary. All that we can say is, with Bishop Bickersteth, that Scripture reveals two parallel lines of truth. They are equally the revelation of God. Whether we can harmonise them or not, there must be a profound Divine harmony in them. On the one hand, it is clearly revealed that there is for some, whoever they may be, an eternity of punishment, whatever that may be, in Hell, wherever or whatever that may be. On the other hand we can see no Scriptural warrant whatever for the view of those who depict Hell as a scene of eternal rebellion and defiant blasphemy. Against such, we must affirm that the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil, and He must reign till He hath put all things under His feet, and that God, Who is love, and delights in mercy, will never deny Himself even to the most wretched and ruined of His creatures; for of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

How little we really understand! We are students, mere students, students of the Unknown. But :

“God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

TENTH ADDRESS

HEAVEN

WHERE, and what is Heaven, and what is it like?

I. WHERE IS HEAVEN?

We have seen that popular conceptions are full of difficulties. The popular conception of Heaven forms no exception to the rule. It is so material, or so dreamy; so literal, or so mystical. In a word, it is so unscriptural that it immediately plunges us into a sea of elementary difficulties. Heaven is, in popular language, a definite and local spot in space, "up there," whither our Lord went in His risen Body—and beyond which, therefore, He did not go. And, here, at once, we are met by the primary difficulties of localising a spiritual body, of confusing in thought the spiritual and the material, of apparently confining our Blessed Lord to some one locality in the unseen universe.

Such a conception cannot be accepted in days which are as familiar with the laws of matter as our own. The notion of transition through regions of air may be interpreted poetically, but it is only upon this poetical hypothesis that the language can be defended. It helps us to get rid of a terrible sense of deprivation when we realise that the absence of our Lord from earth is not the absence of distance as we count distance, or that His presence in Heaven is absence by a measurable distance from earth. When we speak of Him as "up there," or "above the bright blue sky," we do so—and Scripture justifies us in doing so—in the best words we can find. But, what do we mean by "up there," or by "above"? "Surely, not overhead," replies Bishop Lightfoot. "What is above us now will be on a level, will sink below us, a few hours hence as the earth revolves on its axis. What is above us at this very moment is beneath the feet of our Australian fellow-disciples of Christ. God dwelleth in the Heavens. What do we mean by 'the Heavens'? Not surely the skies. God can no more dwell in the skies than He can dwell on the solid earth, than He can

dwell in the restless ocean. Strain your eyes and rack your thoughts as you will to find the place of His abode, and your brain will only grow giddy in vain. . . . Would we really describe the dwelling-place of God? Then let us adopt the prophet's description: 'The high and holy one that inhabiteth Eternity.' A cross metaphor, it will be said: time and space are confused. Yes! but herein consists the sublimity and power of the image. God has no place but Eternity."¹

Can we, with our present knowledge, get beyond this?

II. WHAT IS HEAVEN?

In Bible language Heaven is a City—a celestial City, but a City with citizens and all that the word implies. The life of the Heavenly Citizens is social. Life in Heaven will be related life. Our own places will not be independent of the places of others. The Communion of Saints implies their relationship to each other: to each it is said, "I go to prepare a place for you"—and each place will be related to all other places. In early days a painter never thought of his picture as hang-

¹ *Sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral*, chap. xi. p. 161.

ing upon a single easel, or solitary in a gallery. He thought of it in relation to the appointed place for which it was destined: his first thought was of the prepared place which it was eventually to occupy. So "the prepared place" is waiting for each of us, waiting till we are finished pictures ready to occupy it in relation to the rest of the Celestial Citizens. As in some new cathedral the artist with a free hand will plan out the windows for the whole building, and assign to each its prepared place in relation to the rest, so will it be with the soul. As each window is perfect and complete in itself, though only because it is duly related to the whole scheme, so will each soul be perfect and complete, and completely and perfectly related to the whole. The Heavenly Citizens live in the realised joy of related life, in the perfected happiness of the Communion of Saints.

So, too, the picture, or parable, of "the harpers harping with their harps"¹ suggests the harmony of related life. Each harp is in perfect tune with the other harps. It is no picture of a lonely harper playing on a solitary harp, but of each using his harp so as to take

¹ Rev. xiv. 2.

THE NEW YORK
LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION
NEW YORK

his place in the full chorus. Each has a prepared place in the orchestra, and on the perfection of each depends the perfection of all. Handel dealt with large orchestras, violins, bassoons, violoncellos, harpsichords, oboes, flutes, side drums, organ; but it was upon the perfection of each individual instrument and performer that the perfection of the whole orchestra depended. Each had its own prepared place in relation to all the others, and all the others in relation to the unit.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

And this social condition of the Heavenly Citizens has already begun. "Our citizenship is (already) in Heaven." Is not this, partially at least, what we mean by the Communion of Saints? It suggests a social aspect of Immortality, an Immortality for others as well as for oneself. "The individual," says Dr. Mozley, "aspires after membership with the great Community in its state of exaltation. Christianity knows nothing of a state of an individual Immortality alone, but only of a glorious hope for the individual in the Body, in the eternal Society of the Church Triumphant. The Christian hope of Immortality is

in its very essence social.”¹ Individual happiness, individual perfection, is never attained. It is, indeed, the very greatness and glory of man’s nature that it is incapable of it.² “They, without us” are of necessity in a state of imperfection—as musicians speak of the imperfection of chords without certain notes required for their completion or resolution, though the separate notes in either melody or harmony are not themselves faultful or painful.

A belief in the Communion of Saints is the outcome of this social creed. The Early Church in commemorating the Departed ever emphasized the social side of the great Brotherhood on both sides of the River. She never forgot the brother departed, nor deemed him severed from her fellowship, or less a brother than before. She fostered the Departed in her memory, and wrote their names in her book, and whensoever the Saints that were still left on earth met together in the Communion of the Holy Eucharist, she read aloud the names of the Departed as bidding them to their wonted place in Choir. She knew

¹ Cf. Mozley’s *University Sermons*, p. 70.

² Cf. Caird’s *University Sermons*, p. 181.

(as she still knows) that while she tarried praying without, they were but within the precinct of an inner Court, nearer the Eternal Throne. So S. Ambrose writes of (almost to) his brother after death : " When, as a certain evening was drawing on, I was complaining that thou didst not revisit me when at rest, thou wast wholly present always. So that, as I lay with my limbs bathed in sleep, while I was (in mind) awake for thee, and thou wast alive to me, I could say, ' What is death, my brother ? ' For certainly thou wast not separated from me for a single moment, for thou wast so present with me everywhere, that that enjoyment of each other, which we were unable to have in the intercourse of this life, is now always and everywhere with us. For at that time certainly all things could not be present, for neither did our physical constitution allow it, nor could the sight of each other, nor the sweetness of our bodily embraces at all times and in all places be enjoyed. But the pictures in our souls were always present with us, even when we were not together, and these have not come to an end, but constantly come back to us, and the greater the longing the greater abundance have we of them."

III. WHAT IS HEAVEN LIKE?

And do we ask what Heaven is like? Following the example of Scripture, we can but express the answer by an appeal to the imagination. The word-painting in inspired pictures of Heaven appeals almost entirely to that most wonderful, and yet most dangerous, faculty, the imagination.

Much of the Bible is an appeal to the consecrated imagination. It is, as it were, a formal permission to us to exercise our imagination on the highest, a command not to let the flight of the imagination stop short of Heaven. And considering the part played by imagination in earthly things, we are not surprised that Revelation should make use of it in metaphor, in figure, in picture, in parable, to describe to us something of heavenly things.

We may exercise it thus on pictures of Heaven as they are painted in the Scriptures: first, the Citizens; then the City.

The Citizens! Imagine an angel, some Raphael or Gabriel, guiding the soul round the wonderland of the world to come. What a vision of marvels would be revealed! It is at least not unsafe to imagine that the first vision, the

vision of all visions, would be the "Form of the Son of God"—"God of the Substance of the Father, begotten before the world, Man of the substance of His Mother born in the world." That first. "They shall see His Face"—that Face which painters have ever tried, and always failed, to picture. How painfully short of reality all such human imaginations come! Few painters can produce even their own conceptions on canvas; and if they do, few eyes can see the conception as the artist conceived it. Think what it will be for the first time to see face to face the Visible Head of the Visible Church, where the Church is seen in the visible unity of promised oneness. Other visions there may, and will be; but, just as the great golden Pagoda of Rangoon so dominates the whole country that it has been said "Rangoon is nothing, the Pagoda is all," so it will be seen that Heaven is nothing; that God is all.

Imagine, too, the sight of Her whom the Church has not shrunk from calling Theotokos,¹

¹ "Θεοτόκος." "Forasmuch as they who endeavour to make void the preaching of the truth have by their particular heresies given rise to vain babblings. Some . . . *refusing to the Virgin the appellation of Theotocos* . . . therefore the holy, great, and Œcumenical Synod . . . has . . . decreed that the faith of

Mother of God, "Mater dolorosa, Mater misericordiæ, Mater purissima," and whom Dante has summed up as "the Terminus of Creation." Or imagine the sight of a really "just man"—have we ever seen one?—like S. Joseph, the foster-father of Jesus. Or imagine again the Vision of the Saints as seen in their individual and collective glory. Or imagine the wonder of self-recognition. How strange it will be to see ourselves as we really are; to see ourselves (if, through His merits, counted worthy) clothed in those "white robes" of self-recognition whereby we shall see ourselves white by the power of many a past and whitening Sacrament. Imagine, too, the vision of others we have known, "the great multitude," in their raiment of pure transparent white—"seen through," seen just as they really are, and seen in all the glory of His communicated perfections: each soul complete in itself and yet none complete without the other, all blending in perfect proportion, each independent, and yet all interdependent, each

the three hundred and eighteen Holy Fathers should remain free from assault."—Definition of the Faith agreed upon at the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, and reaffirmed by Lambeth Conference 1867. See Bright's *Canons of the First Four Councils*, pp. iv and 85.

in his own place, and all together advancing in the path of everlasting progress. Then,

The City. S. John here appeals yet more vividly to our imaginative faculties. Scene after scene, towards the close of Revelation, discloses to us pictures—only pictures, but pictures of corresponding realities—of Heaven. As by some old master, the “New Jerusalem” is painted by one who has seen what he paints, and paints what he has seen.¹

Here is the picture. “And I John saw the holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from Heaven.”² The picture suggests a thought. May it not mean this? Heaven is the transfiguration of the familiar. The “New Jerusalem” suggests the old Jerusalem—so familiar, so dear; so human with its streets; so divine with its universal Temple. To every Jew it would picture the home he would live for, fight for, die for, with all the fury of a combined love and patriotism. It is the transfigured image of the old City with its familiar streets, and towers, and walls, and gates, and rivers, and fountains, and hills, and trees, and buildings, and masons, and measuring lines, and gems, and jewels. It is still his “dear dear Jeru-

¹ Rev. xxi. sq.

² Rev. xxi. 2.

saalem"; new, but somehow familiar; it is the old earthly Jerusalem, but Jerusalem "come down from Heaven"—cleansed, purified, transformed; it is "the *Holy City*" now, because its citizens are holy. "The former things," which hindered and impeded spiritual progress, "are passed away." There is "no more death," for "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"; there is no more sorrow, for there is no more sin, and sin is the only thing really worth sorrowing for; there are no more tears, for there is nothing to cry about; no more pain, for the healing leaves of the Tree of Life have healed sin's deadly hurt.

And there are the old streets.¹ They are new streets now; "streets of gold"—no longer telling of poverty, and squalor, and struggling; no longer picturing slums, and dens, and sweating-houses. And there are the old City walls.² They are new walls now; walls no longer falling before the conquering legions of a hated Cæsar, but secure from every foe—fitting picture of a spiritual assurance which nothing can shake. And there are "the gates of the City,"³ pictured by those old historic gates which, could they talk,

¹ Rev. xxi. 21.

² Rev. xxi. 12.

³ Rev. xxi. 21.

might tell such grim stories of siege and slaughter. But they are new gates now, each one cut out of a wondrous single pearl—and so safe will be the souls of the Heavenly Citizens, that “the gates thereof shall not be shut at all by day, and there shall be no night there,”¹ but day all the year round.

“No more the foe can harm,
No more of leaguer’d camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp.”

And there, too, are the old faces. “I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number.”² As they pass in white procession before the eyes of the Seer, there is many a face he knows, many an old “child in the faith,” many a fellow-soldier: and yet somehow the old faces are new faces, faces with all signs of the old Jerusalem life cleared away; old and yet new; familiar and yet fresh. And so the picture unfolds itself, in ever-increasing beauty and mysticism—only a picture, but the picture of a fact.

One thing, indeed, the Seer fails to see. “And I saw no Temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple

¹ Rev. xxi. 25.

² Rev. vii. 9.

of it.”¹ It is all Temple where God is all in all. No need for stated “times and seasons” there; no need for special places of worship there. It is not that there will be no worship, no music, no ritual, no liturgy. Every picture gives a hint of them all transfigured into heavenly realities—of the four and twenty elders prostrating themselves in adoration; of harpers harping with their harps in heavenly orchestra; of the *Amen*, *Alleluia* which is “the liturgy of Heaven.” As they work they worship, and as they worship they work.

Such is a bare outline of the picture. It is all pictorial, all figurative, all metaphor, all an appeal to our God-given imaginations; but it is God-painted; it stands for a reality, whatever that reality may be, a real City with real Citizens—unto which City, may God in His mercy bring us all.

And so we finish our Retreat and go back to our work in this world, determined to make our own small plot of ground on earth more like the glimpse we have seen of Heaven, training ourselves and others as earthly

¹ Rev. xxi. 22.



citizens for the fuller life in the Heavenly Citizenship to which this world is leading.

We have asked, rather than answered, many questions, not in any doubt as to any revealed truth, not in any disloyalty to aught upon which the undivided Church has made a pronouncement; but as humble students. Thus may we hope to reach out further and ever further into the unknown; sure that as we grope in the darkness, we shall encounter no clammy horror, but shall receive an assistance and sympathy which it is legitimate to symbolise as a clasp from the hand of Christ Himself.¹

¹ Cf. Sir Oliver Lodge, *Hibbert Journal*, April 1908, p. 585.

THE END

236.4R
H 735.3

Holmes, Rev. E.F.

Paradise : a course of addresses

"

117

Or.

236.4R

H 735.3

